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HOMES FOR THE FREEDMEN.

SHERWOOD'S, September 6th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I ENCLOSE some practical hints on a subject much pondered by those who are interested in the freed people, from the pen of one of their devoted and enthusiastic teachers.

She is trying the experiment near Charleston, which she asks judicious benevolence to enable other teachers to do. All who have engaged heartily in the work of educating the freed people, will commend this appeal to those who would from their abundance loan a portion to aid most effectively in the permanent elevation of a people, to whom we are, as a nation, deeply indebted. Respectfully, EMILY HOWLAND.

SOME THOUGHTS ON HOMES FOR FREEDMEN.

I feel such a deep interest in this subject that I want to give some practical suggestions. There are a large number in sympathy and desirous of doing the best thing for the improvement and elevation of the freedmen, but to give them a chance to work for themselves is far more elevating than to bestow charity upon them. The freedmen in some sections have been the recipients of the most lavish charities, but from them are they left in a position to be self supporting? They are not, and cannot be, while they are in the landless condition they now are. When the war closed had the government confiscated the land from disloyal men, and distributed it as a bounty for faithful service in the rank and file of our army, irrespective of color, then would have sprung up all through the South a politically healthy community; the white soldiers settling upon their little farms, and giving good examples of thrift and industry to these ignorant colored people, who have all had to commence at the very alphabet in providing for the future. But all such Utopian schemes as these are passed, and we are compelled to live along under a government, whose officials did not choose to do this simple act of justice. Wise persons will just content themselves and go forward and do what they can towards remedying the defects of the government. I emphatically say, who are they who can sit at their homes in their luxury and say that they do not owe the former slaves of the South a little land. All the prosperity of the South was due to their toil, and it stands as yet unpaid for. Perhaps there are those now anxious to pay this debt, if they could know just how practically to do it. These suggestions are what I want to make: There are now in the South hundreds of teachers located in districts where land is selling for but a trifle; were these teachers intrusted with money sufficient to buy some of this land and secure good titles, then have it surveyed into small tracts that the people could look forward soon to purchasing. Thus around the homes of every one of these numerous teachers might rise up a thrifty community. I say, entrust the money with the teachers because they are on the spot and will save the expense of agents. I want it economically done so more land can be purchased. Teachers (now the Bureau in a great measure has ceased to act) represent the true friends of the colored people. There are many teachers who have been in the South four years, and are well acquainted with the wants of the colored people; and those who have been in one locality have become acquainted with the land and know something of its value and its owner,—more than an agent sent from the North could possibly gain in a short stay in different places. I hope this experiment may be tried at the commencement of the school year. If only a few hundred dollars are intrusted to each teacher, much good can be done with that amount where land is selling at five dollars per acre. I have travelled through the South considerably, and have never visited the home of one of these teachers without observing in the course of my visit that the colored people came to them with every kind of business to settle, and if they have to act as lawyers, doctors, ministers, why not as land-agents?

Another thing I would suggest to the public, that if any profit should accrue from the rise in value of any land that is under the care of teachers, it should be cheerfully allowed for their benefit; for I have often felt a sympathy for these laborers in God's vineyard when I see their sparsely furnished homes, and know when I inquire their salaries that it could not be otherwise. Those living in the far South can only make a term of eight months, and with a salary of forty-five dollars (I believe this is the highest ever paid) how can any one, when obliged to keep house with only a family of two or three to share expense, afford the requisite furniture to make a house even presentable. This camp life might have seemed tolerable for the few years following the upturned condition of things after the war, but now those teachers who are making a lifetime work should be better paid. The schools are hard work. Much has been written about the desire these people have to learn, but if so, they have so much *more to learn* than children with cultivated parents, that a teacher must be more constantly teaching. Then the mental strain upon teachers answering all kinds of questions from daylight until dark, upon every subject, is also a great drain upon the powers of endurance. So from what I could observe a faithful teacher would die or become useless in about ten years. Since this is the condition of things, would it not be pleasing to these teachers to have done some permanent good to these people in this ten years? Will not the benevolent and true practical friends of the Freedmen strengthen their hands to accomplish this work? I see in liberal papers the subject of land for freedmen is being agitated, I know it is working in the minds of the benevolent, and my idea is to systematize the effort and let the money that may be subscribed for the purpose be immediately employed through teachers as agents. Not a single cent need be wasted upon an agent sent expressly to purchase what might be thought to be necessary. It is the duty of all teachers to make reports to the societies supporting them of the condition of their schools, and any land operation could be definitely reported at the same time, and advice returned to them from the North as to the best method to proceed. The experiment might be restricted to teachers who had been in the South two years. This would include the more experienced and more zealous class. Women will work cheaper than men, employ them from this motive. There are no teachers but who would make these purchases and give an oversight to these affairs just for the sure benefit they would feel would accrue to the people with whose interests they had become identified.

One word in regard to the thrift of the negroes. All the prosperity in the South is due to their energy. This I know to be true in some localities, three successive crops of cotton have been lost and the planters both Northern and Southern have of course become extremely improvished, and have had to resort to anything to obtain a subsistence. In almost all cases the resort has been to erect a kind of provision store for the negroes at which they sell for cash, and from the profits they have received from these establishments they have lived. Such facts show in whose hands the money has got. These stores are ruinous to the interests of the colored people, so many profits having been made upon the goods sold to them. A little capital in the hands of the true friends of these people might remedy many of these evils. Can it be supplied upon the opening of the school term?

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston *Commonwealth*, writing from Dakota City, Nebraska, August 16th, of a tour among the Indians, says:

"A few days ago we met and had a pleasant chat with the gentlemen composing the commission sent out by the yearly meetings of Friends, and are most glad to renew it. They, with Superintendent Janney, are overseeing the issue of annuity goods, and, as all are busy, let us examine the goods and see what they are. A family is called. 'One man, two women, a girl and a boy,' sings out the interpreter. 'Five blankets, four calicoes, eight sheetings, three jeans, three satinets, eight socks, two blue cloth, three pots, and a tin pail,' cries the agent, and forthwith they are piled upon the floor, and a squaw carries them away.

"The blanket is valued most of all, and next is the 'blue cloth,' rarely broadcloth, cut into two-yard strips, for making 'strouds,' or over-skirts, for the women. A large share of the rest, not needed now, will be wasted or sold by the Indian in his improvidence, and when cold weather comes he will want them.

"A few moments serve to satisfy us, and soon, seated on a bale of goods on the far side of the room, we are conversing with the Friends in regard to the Indians. They find much to encourage them, but find the Indian much wilder than they had hoped. He clings too closely to his blanket, that emblem of his savage state. They hope soon to have him dress like his white brother. He knows not yet how to labor; they will try to teach him, and will recommend the establishment of industrial schools. They will also recommend the sale of unnecessary lands to actual settlers of such a class as shall benefit the Indian by their companionship, and the division of the rest among the tribes, and that the proceeds of the lands sold be used in teaching them agriculture and furnishing them the necessary improvements and implements, thus making them self-supporting farmers.

"There are sufficient grounds to hope for this, for already there are a great many good laborers among the Winnebagos. A friend who employed seven men during harvest tells me he never had better hands. Some of them work very well at home, and all the farm work at the Agency is done by them. There are four hundred acres of corn in one field that the squaws, assisted by a few men and children, have cultivated, and a like number of acres have been broken for them this summer.

"There are a few of the plans communicated to me for improving and eventually citizenizing—thanks be to Grant for that word—the Indian. If this Quaker policy is not disturbed, it will be a success; but there will be great opposition to it at the next session of Congress. Western members bidding for reelection, and wishing to secure the votes of the Indian ring, and to retain fat places in their gift, will oppose it; that class called in 'The New Gospel of Peace' 'the great army of counteracters' will also oppose it. The Indians will not be removed from their reservations, and those who have stood ready to clutch them will oppose it; and each of these classes will pour out money freely, and use every means to accomplish a return to the old system, or a transfer to the War Department.

"Each of these classes quietly acquiesce now, but, besides throwing every obstacle in the way they can when unseen, they are indulging hopes, and some are 'laying on their oars,' so sure are they of a return to the good old days before the Quaker meddled with their affairs. The public sentiment of the East must be aroused, as in the case of the negro, and then there is hope. If ever this 'damned spot' on our civilization will 'out,' it will be when Eastern intelligent public sentiment works hand in hand with honest Western sentiment and with the Quakers. The Indian is a savage, but have we been less the savage or the villain in dealing with him?

"Apropos of this, comes a story from one of the many Indian Agencies in our State, concerning the advent of the new Quaker agent. When the day for issue of beef came, he ordered the usual amount, and was surprised to see only three steers killed for the whole tribe. 'Is this the usual amount?' he asked. 'Yes,' responded the contractor. Delaying the issue, he searched the records and then ordered additional steers killed, until, in place of three, nine were upon the scales. He was also around when the issue of flour was made, and that was on his order *doubled*. This is an explanation of how agents on a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per year can live high, and in four years retire upon a fifty or a hundred thousand dollar fortune, and contractors, besides filling their purses to repletion, can give a good bonus to those whom they hired not to bid against them. But now, lo! a change has come over the spirit of their dream. The Quaker passes in view, and well they may storm, but

"'Fold their arms, turn to thy rest,—
Let them rave.'

"But while we have thus been talking, the issue of goods is complete, and each chief is now drawing, to distribute among his band, scythes, axes and hoes. A few remnants and unissued hose, and the cloths that wrapped the bales, are thrown into the wagon by the door, and from thence scattered among the crowd, who, rushing pell-mell, with shouts and laughter, form a fitting finale to the day's work.

"After tea there was a pleasant gathering at the house of the farmer, and over delicious ice-cream we chatted away till the oldest of the party thought that for the reputation of the sect we should retire, when we reluctantly bade them good-night, for they were the most companionable of men.

"At 10 A. M., on Sunday, a meeting was held at the Council house, when Friend Hallowell, looking like a statue of Washington endowed with life and come to dwell amongst us, through an interpreter addressed the Indians assembled. His remarks were such as must needs come from a heart filled with love to God and all his creatures. 'Dear friends, we have come a long way to see you, and I thank that "Great Spirit" in whom the Indian trusts, and to whom the white man prays, that we can meet, for we are all, *all* his children." He began and continued in a manner entirely free from cant and stereotyped meaningless phrases, giving them advice as to their every-day life, telling them to be honest, truthful, etc., thus fitting themselvs to live and be useful, concluding by saying, 'When you are fit to live, you are also fit to die.'

"Through with them, he turned to the white people assembled, and for a few moments spoke of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; and it was a rich treat here, where for three years I had heard only strongest Orthodox sermons, to hear once more such liberality; to hear of 'religion a life and not a creed;' to know that we are all his children, and that love is his greatest attribute; that He is not the cold, relentless tyrant to all those who seek him not through the narrow door of a church, built less to honor them than the creed they have therein elevated to the supreme place; that salvation comes to us every time we resist temptation, and that every day God redeems us from sin, if we only repent and try to follow the light He has given us. Sweet seemed the words as they fell from those venerable lips, and, coming from the heart, as they did, they found a response in mine, and will never be forgotten. 'Father, I thank thee for these pure souls who have come among us, not only to benefit the Indian, but to liberalize the sects of this great Northwest; for their faces are better than sermons, and their presence than churches, and their words fall upon the troubled waters of sectarian strife like those of the Master on the troubled sea. We, thy children, feel purified by the light they have brought, and would thank thee again and again,' so my soul whispered as I left that house, and it was with a warm grasp that I shook their hands and said 'Farewell.'

"Their influence shall not be confined to the Indian; for, mingling with society, they shall find it most ready to take impressions, and they shall not only inspire it with faith in the ultimate civilization of the Indian, but they shall also inspire faith in Him who is 'the Father and Mother of us all,' and sow the seeds that shall grow and flourish of a better religion than now prevails here. Yours, in that faith,

"H. H. BROWN."

TROUBLES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

DISCLOSURES OF KU-KLUX SECRETS—TRIALS IN NEWBERN.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Springfield Republican* writes from Newbern, N. C., September 9d, as follows: This has been a lively week in Newbern for lawyers and news-mongers, and so much talk of murder and bloodshed is seldom heard. A few months ago Sheriff Colgrove of Jones County was killed while quietly riding along on the public highway. The murderers were concealed behind "blinds" made of bushes, brush, etc., set up by the side of the road away from any occupied house. His body was completely riddled with shots, literally filled with them. Both before and since that time, in Jones County, and Lenoir, the county adjoining, men, both white and black, who have expressed Union sentiments boldly, have been foully murdered. Horses, mules, etc., belonging to colored men who were trying to "make a crop" for themselves, have been stolen. In fact, the exceptions in those counties are where the stock of such people was not stolen. It has always been vaguely understood that it was done by the Ku-Klux-Klan, whoever they might be, and men were often arrested and as often set at liberty by the verdict of a jury. The 1st of last April, Capt. Mowers, a "carpet-bagger," and citizen of this place, was commissioned by Gov. Holden as a special detective, and ever since he has been working up the case, and endeavoring to find the guilty parties, and at last has been amply successful. So close was he at the heels of the villains that three men, Joseph P. Parrott, George W. Tallow, and Joseph Lassitee, turned State's evidence, and exposed the whole Klan. I will give you some of the principal rules, oaths, and obligations, together with the signs and grips of this fiendish band, as given to the public during the present trial. They call themselves "Constitutional Union Guards," "Regulators," and Ku-Klux-Klan." The principal officers are as follows: South commander, north commander, east commander, and west commander. The first ceremony is to blind-fold the candidate outside the room, he being first asked, "Do you believe in a white man's government?" He is then taken inside, caused to kneel, and, with the hands on the Bible, take the following oath: "I solemnly swear that I will never reveal anything that has transpired, or may transpire in the Order that I am now about to join, even should I not identify myself therewith." Each officer administers a different oath, or exacts an obligation if the person is about to join the Order, some of which are as follows: "I pledge myself if any of our number get in jail to bail him out if possible, if not, assist in taking him out." "If one of our number comes to trial, I promise to get in the way of the sheriff, to get summoned on the jury, and promise to acquit the prisoner." "I promise to assist a member if he gets in trouble, even to the risk of my life." "I promise to resist any attempt of an officer to arrest one of our number, with force of arms if necessary." In open meeting it was voted to kill Sheriff Colgrove of Jones County, and M. L. Shepard, a magistrate, because they have tried to arrest some of the Ku-Klux members. A committee was appointed to do it, and both have since been foully murdered. It was voted to kill other men, who are not yet dead, but have been warned to leave the county, and have left. It is the duty of a member to obey orders of officers, even to murdering a fellow man. Said a witness, "I was ordered to kill a man, and did it. The man was named Grant, and was a bad man, and was going to testify in court against one of our number." The above is the testimony of witnesses who turned State's evidence. Grant was to have been a witness in a case of illicit distilling, but is not to be found. Five men were taken from Leonora County Jail, a few months since, their hands tied behind them, their throats cut and they thrown in the Neuse River. To-morrow, A. Monroe, a young lawyer, is to be examined before Judge Thomas, charged by the State's evidence witnesses as having helped commit the horrible crime. He is already proven to have been associated with the gang, being at one time North Commander. The sign of recognition of the K. K. K.'s is the right hand placed in the breast; the sign of distress is the hands clasped behind the head; the grip is a shake of the hand with the forefinger doubled in. So far twelve prisoners have been examined on different charges, from horse-stealing to conspiracy, and are bound over for their appearance at the next term of the Superior Court, when it is alleged still more startling evidence will be procured against them. They were arrested by a special detective and brought to this, Craven County, because they could not be safely kept in jail in their own county, and are held on bench warrants from Judge Thomas. We have nothing less than a young rebellion among us, and if it is not crushed out by the iron hand of the law, who knows when and where it will end?

NASBY.

MR. NASBY RECEIVES A LETTER FROM HIS OLD AND STEADFAST FRIEND, DEACON POGRAM, IN WHICH THE DEACON SETS FORTH THE CONDITION OF AFFAIRS AT THE CORNERS.

From the Toledo Blade.

PEPPER'S TAVERN, HOLMES COUNTY, O., August 19th, 1869.

THE followin epistle reached me yesterday. I received it with mingled emoshuns. Ez I gazed at the familyer stamp onto the envelope, wich I had yoosed so many times, I kissed it in ecstacy—ez I thot it was inflicted onto the paper by the hand uv a nigger, indignashen seezed me. But passin this, I opened the envelope and red ez follows:

CONFEDERIT X ROADS, (Wich is in the State uv Kentucky), August the 19th, 1869.

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND: Absence, it is said, conkers love, but that won't work in your case. I had tried to forget yoo, and had well nigh succeeded, but in overhaulin some papers yesterday I happened to come across some uv yoor notes uv hand for small amounts borrowed uv me at different times, and I realized to-wunst the force of the old line,

'Tho lost to site to memory dear.'

And I bust out into a flood uv tears. But enuff uv this. I sot out to give yoo the news uv the Corners.

Crops is a totle failyoor here. The season hez bin favorable, but we hev bin so entirely without labor that we put in very little seed. At the time we ought to hev hed our corn plantid, Issaker Gavit, Kernel McPelter, Elder Pennibacker and our sons wuz scourin the country to get enuff niggers to plant for us, but ez they each hed land uv their own, they woodent do it. So uv course there wuz none uv any account put in.

The little that wuz put in wont amount to nothin ez we coodent get no niggers to tend it, durin the growin season, and the weeds took possession uv it entirely. Joe Bigler sejested that ef we'd spend half the time plantin uv it that we did holdin meetins to devise ways to get nigger labor, we'd hev a bustin crop. But yoo know Josef; he's lost carikter; he works with his own hands. One uv the most tetchin sites I ever beheld wuz at Bascom's early in May, jist after our committee had returned from a frootlis search after hands to do our plantin. The entire Corners wuz present; but there was a settled gloom onto ther faces wich even the refreshments they wuz consooming coodent dissipate. They wuz grooped about the bar-room ez yoosual. Elder Pennibacker wuz a leanin in a chair with his back to a barrel; Issaker Gavitt wuz on his back on a table in the corner, and the others wuz a sittin on kegs in various parts up the room.

"Wo is us!" sighed the Elder, puttin his feet onto a keg, that he mite rest easier, and pensively squirtin tobacco jooce at a fly on the wall opposite, "where is the labor to plant the corn? We shel starve."

"Alas!" sighed the Deekin, shiftin his seat to get so that he cood cock his feet agin the wall, "Alas! the minits is creepin on, day succeeds day, and no corn in yet."

"Yes," replied Issaker Gavitt, rollin over onto his belly, and histin hisself up onto his elbow, "this is the froots uv Ablishnism. Ten years ago, when we hed our niggers, we hed our corn in by this time, and wuz ready to put em to plowin on it. Now that we are dependent onto our labor—"

And Issaker groaned and rolled over onto his back.

And so we sot and sot and mourned.

The result uv wich is, that there aint an acre uv good corn in the entire section. Wood that the Ablishnists wich brot all this onto us cood see the rooin they hev wrought.

The prevailin topic uv discussion sence yoo left us hez bin the trouble with Pollock and a Ablishin friend uv hizzen who lives in Springfield, Illinoy, the resting place of the human gorriller, A. Linkin, growin out uv the bond question. You remember three years ago the corporashen ishood its bonds bearin 6 per cent. for $2000 to build a lockup; and a year later when it wuz found nessary to gravel the road betwixt the Corners and the stashen at Secessionville, so ez to redoose the freight on whiskey consumed by us, we ishood bonds bearing eight per cent. to the amount of $4000, both ishoos running 25 yeers. These bonds were taken by Pollock and this friend uv hizzen.

Last yeer we paid the interest on these bonds, but this yeer the people felt that the burden wuz too heavy. They could not reconcile theirselves to the idea uv sweatin to support in idle luxury the bloated bondholders, and the populis murmered agin it. Wat to do we didn't know, till finally Elder Pennibacker, who borrows my paper reglerly, remarked; "EUREKER—I've got it." He hed been readin the Dimocratic proposition to tax bonds and a lite dawned onto him.

"We'll tax these bonds of Pollock's!" sed the Elder, "and thus releeve ourselves uv this thraldom to this money-power. Thank Heaven the people hevn't yet parted with all their power."

The segestion wuz acted onto to-wunst. The Council wuz assembled, and by a yoonanimus vote an ordinance wuz passed levyin a tax uv eight cents onto the dollar on all bonds ishood by the corporashun for moneys borrowed of all sorts.

Pollock wuz away when the ordinance wuz passed, and it so happened that he returned the very day that his interest wuz due. Immejitly he proceeded to the Trezrer's office, wich is Captain McPelter's, with his coopons. Captain McPelter received him blandly, and puttin the coopons away, tendered him in loo thereof a receipt for $320 taxes on them sed bonds.

"Wat is this?" ejakilated the astonished Pollock.

"Taxes!" returned McPelter, smilingly. "We hev assessed a tax onto our bonds uv eight cents onto the dollar, wich, it happens, is just what yoor interest is. We skorn repudiation—we shel pay principal and interest—but we hev the right to tax bonds, and tax em we will."

"Is the tax eight cents on the dollar on all bonds uv the corporashen?" asked Pollock.

"Trooly it is," sed McPelter.

"I hold also the bonds ishood a year before these for buildin a lock-up, but which only bear six per cent. The tax pays the interest and two per cent. over—what will you do with that two per cent?"

"Do with it?" exclaimed McPelter. "Why, we shel apply it to the payment uv the principal, uv course. The entire revenoo uv the corporation is pledged to the extinguishment uv its debt, and we shel not be recreant to our trust."

Pollock went away, but McPelter hed a new idea. He immejitly called the council together, and sejested that the tax on the bonds ought to be twelve instead uv eight per cent., ez that tax would not only pay the interest on the eight per cent. bonds but wood extinguish the bonds theirselves. The six per cent bonds wood not only be eaten up, but wood leave Pollock in debt to the corporashen long before they wuz doo. The way uv escape from our troubles wuz so very plain that the Council too wunst acceded to it; and notis wuz given Pollock uv the new ackshen.

Immejitly the craven wretch wantid to sell the bonds to the city at half their face, but the proposition wuz rejectid with skorn. The Council passed a resoolooshen rebookin him for intimatin that the Corners wood not live up to its obligations.

"Ez much ez we loathe yoo," remarked Elder Pennibacker, the Municipal President, "we shall pay yoor bonds, dollar for dollar, principal and interest—requiring yoo, however, to bear such taxation ez may be levied onto yoo."

"But as the tax eats up both interest and principal, what do I get for my money?" askt the stiff-neckt man.

"The protection of our laws!" thundered Pennibacker.

The people were indignant at this Ablishnist meddler for his objectin to so ekitable a proceedin that they mobbed his store and wood hev hung him, but for the interference of Joe Bigler, who is alluz where he ain't wantid. Ez it wuz he wuz arrestid for breedin disturbances and fined $20. He tendered, in payment uv his fine, a corporashun bond, but the Justis refoozed, very properly, to take it, and held him till he shelled out a greenback from his ill-gotten hoards.

Pollock feels sore, but we don't. Relieved from these bonds, the Corners will hev no taxes to pay, and we confidently expect a return uv the prosperity to wich we hev bin so long a stranger.

Yours, with effeckshun, ELIGER POGRAM.

P. S.—Ef you do get into a good thing, and kin spare it, do remit a porshen at least uv what you owe me. Times is tite here. E. P.

Ez I finisht his moving epistle, I cood not help thankin the Lord that on one spot at least the Democracy practis what they preach. Thank Heaven for Kentucky.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.
(Wich wuz Post Master).

KENTUCKY.

MURDER OF A NEGRO BY A WHITE MAN

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 8th.—This afternoon a white man named W. W. Taylor, aged about twenty years, son of Thompson Taylor, a livery stable proprieter, shot and killed a mulatto named Moses Gray, about forty years old. It appears Taylor was partially drunk and standing at the corner of a street against a lamp-post. Gray was standing by the corner of a house occupied as a barber shop, about three yards from Taylor. Gray was seen to throw his arm across his abdomen, saying, "He shot me for nothing." Taylor said to those who approached, Gray had struck him. The police took Taylor in charge and committed him to prison. Gray bore a good character. This case will be tried in the United States District Court under the Civil Rights bill.

THE KU-KLUX-KLAN TRIALS.

From the Raleigh (N. C.) Daily Standard.

WE have carefully refrained from saying anything concerning the trial which has been going on at New Berne, as we wished the people to see all the evidence presented in the cases. Now, however, it will not be out of place to comment upon the facts elicited by the evidence given during the trial.

It has often been charged by Republican papers that many of the murders committed in Jones, Lenoir and other counties were the work of the Ku-Klux. This has been vehemently denied by the Democratic papers, who have also denied the existence of any such organization as the Ku-Klux-Klan. In Jones and Lenoir Counties the murders of Colgrove, Shepard, and others were said to have been done by horse-thieves and other desperate men, but any assertion that the Ku-Klux could have a hand in it was hotly denied. The facts elicited from the examination of the repentant Ku-Klux at New Berne, however, give a flat contradiction to the assertions of the Democratic papers.

What are these facts?

It is proved, by evidence which no man can dispute, that such an organization as the Ku-Klux exists in North Carolina;

That this organization calls itself the CONSTITUTIONAL UNION GUARD, or KU-KLUX-KLAN;

That it is formed for the purpose of defeating the Republican party, and to restore a "white man's government," or in other words, for the purpose of doing what was failed to be accomplished by the rebellion;

That the members are sworn with a solemn oath to do all in their power to effect the objects of the organization, even to the taking of life, or swearing to a falsehood to screen a comrade;

That the murder of Sheriff Colgrove was done by the order of the Ku-Klux-Klan; that other men were also marked as the victims of the assassin;

That the organization is wide-spread throughout the South, and that murder is the chosen weapon of these conspirators;

These are the facts proved by the evidence.

And how are they known?

Because the evidence is given by men who have been members of the C. U. G., and who have been witnesses to many of the crimes which have shocked the country.

One of the witnesses testifies that the murder of Cæsar Grant was voted upon in open meeting, and that he and several other men were ordered to do the deed.

The deed was done, and those who did it reported to the Commander of the Klan; and afterwards an ear of the murdered man was cut off and carried to one of the leading spirits of the murderous crew.

This witness, by a combination of circumstances, was induced to become a witness against the Klan.

And this is how the facts became known.

What have the people of North Carolina to say to this? Will they not root out these bands of murderers?

Or, are the horrors of a war of murder against murder to be inflicted upon our State? The people are aroused to the fact that they are the victims of an organization of demons who murder men who dare to vote to sustain the government—they are aware that the assassin may be awaiting them—but men do not die without resistance. If this awful state of things is allowed to continue, if these political murders are continued, the passions of hell will rule in this State—murder will be met with murder and the land will flow with blood.

We appeal to the good men of the State to do all in their power to avert the horrible fate which seems about to seize upon North Carolina.

We appeal to the good men of the State—to the good men of both parties—to use all their influence to stop these murderers in their hellish career.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE MINISTER TO HAYTI.

HARTFORD, Conn., September 10.—The Litchfield *Enquirer* states, on the authority of a private letter, that an attempt was made to assassinate Hon. G. H. Hollister, Minister to Hayti, at his residence, near Port au Prince. The rebels have threatened his life before, the letter states, and threats have also been made against Mr. Basset. The report says Mr. Hollister's wound was not fatal, but that he lost a good deal of blood.

AFFAIRS IN MISSISSIPPI.

OKOLONA, Miss., September 7th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THIS very evening a mob fight has been going on in these streets and under this window. Pistols were discharged and weapons used, but who is harmed I cannot tell, only that the marshal has succeeded in arresting three poor black men. The origin of the disturbance was promiscuous firing of pistols.

In all these towns, there are few hours in any night but that may be heard the "musical whistle of the bullet," and perchance its dull "thug" in the building over your head. Yesterday (Sunday) in broad daylight a shot was fired through the open window and among the congregation of the colored Methodist Church.

Two men were killed in a neighboring town today, another yonder; in short, it is not exaggeration to say that the condition of the country is anarchy.

Eight years of disorganization have not failed to bring their inevitable result, a complete state of demoralization. Do you imagine that a fair election can be held in Mississippi on the 30th of November?

Thank God for Gov. Boutwell! But, Oh, that he had spoken sooner!

Virginia and Tennessee have stricken nerve from the strength of Republicans in Mississippi. The power and prestige added to the Democratic Conservative party more than counterbalances the laggard influence of Grant.

I doubt if the military arm of a Butler could now save the State from the clutches of the slave-masters. If Gen. Ames had dared to do right, two months ago, it might have been different.

But, now, when he learns on which side of the fence the President has gone, he is striking promptly and efficiently, blows which will tell for the Republican cause.

He needs more soldiers. It is said, that on his request for more troops, Grant and Sherman told him that they "could not spare them."

The Republican party is still unorganized in a great portion of the State, while the Conservative party has been at work for two months at least, and already have speakers in the field. To-morrow they hold their nominating convention at Jackson, and unless some trap is sprung Dent will head the ticket.

From the fact of over eight thousand Democratic majority last year, it is difficult to argue anything but another Conservative victory, and then we shall have Tennessee intensified.

But a closer and warmer political contest than the one approaching no State has ever experienced.

This campaign is the forlorn hope of Republicanism in Mississippi. This is the "last ditch." And what a Republicanism is this! Ah! degraded name. R. B. S.

CHEATING THE FREEDMEN IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

A MEMBER of the South Carolina State Constabulary reports many outrages upon the colored people in Lexington County, and writes as follows: I believe a regular systematic attempt will be made to defraud the freedmen in Lexington this year, of their share of the crops. Many neglected to have written contracts and are driven off the plantations and refused any remuneration for their labor. In one case, a band of fifteen men, disguised with white aprons, and their horses covered with white sheets, went to the house of Mr. Counts, in Lexington County, about nineteen miles from Columbia, seized one of the colored men, forced him outside, put a rope around his neck, and threatened to kill him. He was taken a short distance from the house, shot at, finally receiving a terrible whipping and was ordered to leave that locality. One of the objects of this band is to force the colored hands from place to place and employ them for a trifle or a meal to do the picking of the cotton, which has now commenced, and also make their absence from their own place an excuse for depriving them of their share of the crops.—*Charleston Republican.*

A FRIENDLY WORD WITH THE TRIBUNE.

THE New York *Tribune* forgets an axiom of common prudence when it insists upon managing the domestic affairs of the Republican party in States at so great a distance from New York as Virginia, Tennessee, Mississippi and Texas. It would sacrifice all the practical interests of reconstruction to its zeal for the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment. It believes that the Legislature elect of Virginia would promptly ratify the amendment if convened, and not subjected to the test oath; and for that consideration it is willing that every other Republican interest in the State shall be jeopardized.

Now, the *Tribune's* columns themselves bear witness to the fact, that this Legislature is composed in part of men who boldly avow themselves to be rebels of the first water, unrepentant and unpardoned. How many of this class of politicians enter into the composition of that Legislature the *Tribune* certainly does not know; and seems most strangely not to wish to know and not to care. Will the *Tribune* believe us when we say that the fear is general among the Republicans of this State

that this class is really in a majority in the Legislature; and certainly would be, if members were emboldened to declare their real sentiments by such assurances of impunity, countenance and support, from Washington and the North, as the *Tribune* is affording them? The course of the *Tribune* is itself giving this party courage and backbone; and if the Legislature should meet, and be allowed to proceed, the countenance given by the *Tribune* to the Union-hating coterie of members, which the *Tribune* seems to have taken under its wing, would result in giving that party as signal a triumph in the Legislature as the same course of the *Tribune* gave them in the late State election. —*Richmond State Journal.*

WHOLESALE MURDER OF UNION MEN IN NORTH CAROLINA.

ARREST AND CONFESSION OF THE MURDERERS—STARTLING DISCLOSURES.

NEWBERN, N. C., August 26, 1869.

FOR a long time past detectives have been engaged in Jones and Lenoir counties in ferreting out the perpetrators of the many cold-blooded murders which have there been committed, and their labors have not been in vain. On Tuesday, August 24, eighteen persons were arrested in the vicinity of Kinston, and lodged in Newbern jail. Since that time eleven others, from the same locality have voluntarily come forward and made affidavits to the most startling disclosures. Fearing lest swift punishment for their crimes should overtake them, they have chosen to reveal all, hoping thus to secure leniency to themselves. In these affidavits they acknowledge that they have each been cognizant of or engaged with one or more of the prisoners referred to, in taking the lives of nearly forty Union men since the close of the war. They give the particulars of the cold-blooded butchery of the prisoners taken from Kinston jail last spring, and murdered upon the bridge over the Neuse river near that town. They swear to the murder of three United States soldiers (colored) who were visiting their friends at Kinston. These soldiers are supposed to have returned to their regiment, and are doubtless reported on the roll of the latter as deserters. There have probably been more than two hundred horses and mules stolen in Lenoir and adjoining counties since the war, and these affidavits account for the greater portion of them. These men all profess to be Democrats, members of the Ku-Klux-Klan, now known as the Constitutional Union Guards (C. U. G.'s). They implicate in their statements many of the most prominent Democrats of this section. The C. U. G. is a wide spread organization, extending not only through North Carolina, but many other Southern States. No less than four leading Republicans of Newbern had been designated to be killed by members of this same Lenoir County band of C. U. G.'s before their arrest. The prisoners are now awaiting examination by the Circuit Judge.

FUTURE POLITICS OF THE SOUTH.

A REBEL DEMOCRATIC VIEW.

From the N. Y. World, Sept. 10th.

THE readiness with which the three Southern States that last year stood out against negro suffrage reconstruction now yield to the demands of Congress, is doubtless wise under the circumstances; but it proves nothing as to the future political action of the South. This apparent triumph of the Radical policy is probably the immediate precursor of its downfall. The chief aim of the Republican party since the close of the war, has been to prevent the Southern States acting in political cooperation with the Northern Democrats. The elective franchise was conferred upon the negroes, in plain violation of the Constitution, in the expectation that the negro vote would be universally anti-Democratic, and that it would be sufficient to turn the scale against the Democratic party in the South, making that section the sure ally of the Republicans, as, in former times, it was of the Democrats. The acceptance of the situation by which Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas will regain their place in the Union, will restore to the South its freedom of action, and put a speedy end to the hopes of the Republican party.

It will soon become apparent that the Fifteenth Amendment, on which the Republicans rely to rivet their policy, will bring them no advantage. In the first place, even with the extorted ratifications of the reconstructed States, the amendment is not likely to be adopted. And even if it should be, extorted ratifications are invalid; the Federal government having no right to dictate the action of States on a constitutional amendment. If, counting these bogus ratifications, the whole number *should* amount to three-fourths (which is contrary to all probability), and the bogus ratifications should be held good, the pretended amendment would nevertheless be void, because it was never proposed by two-thirds of Congress in a constitutional sense. If it has not been constitutionally submitted, no number even of valid ratifications could make it a part of the Constitution. The Fifteenth Amendment is intended to secure the permanence of negro suffrage if the Democratic party should come into power; but its futility for this purpose is apparent on the slighest examination. Suppose that Kentucky, for example, should continue to exclude negroes from the ballot-box after the Fifteenth Amendment had been declared ratified; how could she be compelled to admit them? A Democratic Congress would not exclude her Senators and Representatives for such a cause, nor would it pass or continue laws for punishing the State officers who refused to receive the negro votes. If, for a while, the House should be Democratic and the Senate Republican, so that such laws could not be repealed, the penalties could not be inflicted, for the reason that the offenders would have to be tried by a jury of the vicinage, and there could not be got into the jury-box twelve men who would agree to punish their fellow citizens for such an offence. After the admission of the three remaining States, military government will be abolished, and there can be no further trials by military commissions. The Fifteenth Amendment is hardly worth the support of its friends or the opposition of its enemies; for, even if it should be ratified, it will nevertheless be null and nugatory.

We do not judge it probable, however, that the suffrage will be withdrawn from the negroes in the reconstructed States. If, as seems likely, the negroes should be influenced by the common public sentiment of their section, the object for which they were enfranchised will be defeated without any necessity for disturbing the new order of things. The withdrawal of the army and Freedmen's Bureau deprives the Republicans of their machinery for controlling the negro vote. While the negroes were fed by the Bureau they were willing to exchange votes for rations; but hereafter they will be under the control of local influences. Their interests will always be identical with the interests of their section; and when questions of finance and taxation loom up into prominence, as they will as soon as all the States are readmitted, the negroes will be found voting steadily with the Democratic party.

The South will always be an exporting community, and therefore a strong free-trade community. The cotton crop is too abundant for more than a small fraction of it to find a domestic market; and it is so obviously for the advantage of those who send products abroad for a market to have the tariff abolished, that no protectionist sophistry can confuse even the Southern negroes. The tariff is cried up to the Northern farmers on the ground that, by building up manufactures in their neighborhood, it supplies them with a home market. But a home market for the Southern cotton crop is an absurdity. The bulk of it will always be exported, and the price of the small part that is consumed at home will be governed by the price abroad. The stupidest negro on a Southern plantation can see, as clearly as anybody sees, that the tariff increases the price of the goods he has occasion to buy, and that his wages or his share of the crop would be worth more to him if the tariff were abolished. The protectionists try to befool the Northern farmer by telling him that if the tariff compels him to pay more for what he has to buy, it compensates him by enabling him to get more for what he has to sell.

But the chief article which the South has to sell must necessarily be sold in a foreign market, and its producers get no part of the pretended compensation for the high prices caused by the tariff. Light taxes and cheap goods are for the interest of the negroes, as they are for the interest of everybody; and when economical questions come uppermost in politics, the prevailing sentiment of the South will be so decisively on the Democratic side that the negroes cannot fail to share it. The fact that the attention of all classes in the South is so largely given to industrial recuperation, is an indication that that section will enter very readily into the economical politics of the new era; and its interests must plant it firmly on the Democratic side. The Republicans, in their revolutionary reconstruction, will find that they "went forth for wool and came back shorn;" that, instead of making the Southern States allies of their party, they have made them more certainly its enemies.

TERRORISM IN TENNESSEE.

From the Mobile (Ala.) Nationalist.

A NASHVILLE telegram of the 30th says:

Nearly one hundred negroes have come to this city from the neighborhood of Rutherford County, and report that they have been driven from home by lawless white men.

These negroes have been working on shares with white planters, and they, as well as the planters, will lose heavily if they are not protected in securing the crops.

A well-known planter from that neighborhood, who makes about three hundred bales of cotton, has been threatened by the regulators, and was here to day to see what could be done to secure himself and the negroes in his employ from violence.

Bands of lawless white men are operating also in Sumner County, visiting negro cabins and taking their occupants and whipping them.

The men engaged in this business are wholly irresponsible, will not work themselves, and desire to prevent others from enjoying the fruits of their labor.

Gov. Senter's proclamation warning them may have some effect, but it is probable the planters will have to form combinations for self-protection.

Now that the whites are becoming, indirectly, victims to the monstrous persecutions of negroes which prevail, it will probably be found that the laws are sufficient for their protection, and that their enforcement is eminently practicable. The planters too, who have connived at the numberless outrages which have occurred in Tennessee, are now, most likely, obtaining a vague idea that the Regulators are not about their legitimate business when killing negroes; and, in almost all their transactions, are guilty of usurping the functions of the State judiciary. There are few things that quicken a man's sense of justice, and increase his reverence for the majesty of the law, like that of jeoparding the interest of his pocket-book.

To your genuine Southern gentleman you may talk until "the crack o' doom," about the claims of humanity, the obligations imposed by Christianity, the catholic spirit of the nineteenth century, and the duties of civilization. It is all bosh to him. But let there be a probability that a few hundred bales of his cotton will spoil in his fields, in consequence of his negro laborers being seized and whipped to death, or shot, by his lawless friends and neighbors, his reasoning and perceptive faculties will instantly become remarkably acute.

We will doubtless see, before a great while, some limit placed upon the chivalric exploits of these marauding bands in Tennessee. Senter's proclamation will be followed by more energetic appliances. The streaming life-blood of hundreds of black men, did not justify the interposition of the law in their behalf; but the ungathered cotton of white men, appeal in eloquent tones to the State officials, and the power of the law is evoked for its protection.

MOB JUSTICE IN MISSOURI—A DISTINCTION.

THERE is a county in Missouri which is called the "Kingdom of Callaway." It is a "kingdom" of mob law, as the many outrages perpetrated there for years past have fully demonstrated. In the city of Fulton, on the evening of Friday, August 27th, the wife of a Dr. Johnson in Fulton was suddenly surprised in her home by the uninvited presence of a negro, whose design fortunately was not successful. The negro escaped before he could be identified. The next day, as it was necessary for some one to suffer the penalty, a colored man was hunted up, and duly arrested and subjected to an examination before the city authorities. The evidence was not of a positive character, and was of slight strength. The only ground of suspicion as revealed by testimony was, that the arrested negro had in the early part of the evening visited one of the servants in the house. The accused man was remanded to the jail or calaboose. On Monday the jailor had some important (?) business at a hotel conveniently located at some distance from the jail. Accordingly he left the jail and its prisoners to stand alone. Soon after his advent at the hotel loud screams were heard, which no one could account for, though apparently proceeding from the jail, which was surrounded by a number of men. The screams continued until the jail door was heard to fall with a crash. Then all was quiet; for the snapping of a neck does not make much noise. The body of the negro was afterward found, and an examination by a doctor revealed the fact that the skull had also been broken. Rigid inquiry in Fulton has been very unsuccessful in ascertaining who did the work. Nobody knows anything about it. No effort has been made to prosecute legal investigations, and the case rests, and so does the "nigger"—in the ground. On the very day after the mob-murder, an Irishman committed an outrage on a negro woman. He is in jail, but as he is white and his victim was black, no fears need be entertained by his friends that he will be mobbed. The case is entirely different and the subjects of the "Kingdom" have a discriminating sense of justice. We are informed that a gentleman, as he alighted from the stage at Fulton, heard one man address another in jubilant tones, giving the news: "We hung a nigger last night," uttered just as if he had been to a circus, and was delighted to report what a good time he has had. —*St. Louis Democrat.*

JEFF DAVIS.

THE LION OF GLASGOW.

THE London *Standard* of the 15th of August chronicles the movements of Jefferson Davis thus:—

"Mr. Jefferson Davis is the lion of Glasgow and its vicinity just now, himself and party having established themselves in that city, and made several excursions in the neighborhood. On Wednesday, *en route* to Glasgow, they passed through Dumferline, and visited the Abbey church and ruins. Mr. Davis then paid a visit to Stirling, and left for Callander in the evening. The news soon spread that the ex-president was in the town, and as he left per train in the evening three hearty cheers were given by the large concourse of people congregated on the platform. Mr. Davis afterwards visited Dollar. At Glasgow he visited the Exchange, where, in expectation of a visit, there was a crowded attendance. The assemblage opened a passage in the center of the hall, up which Mr. Davis walked, and at the end of the room entered his name in the visitors' book. On leaving the building Mr. Davis was loudly cheered. The shipbuilding yard of the Messrs. Napier & Govan was also visited, after which the party returned to the residence of Mr. Smith, Benvue, Dowanhill. On Thursday, Mr. Davis, with Dr. Charles Mackay, left Glasgow for Oban. Mr. Smith and a number of friends accompanied him some distance down the Clyde. On leaving the Broomielaw quay, where there was a large concourse of persons, Mr. Davis was followed by loud cheers, which he acknowledged by raising his hat and bowing repeatedly. A similar demonstration was accorded him at Greenock, Dunoon, Innellan, Rothesay, and Tighnabruaich, the crowds who were assembled at the different piers exhibiting an eager desire to have a sight of the famous ex-President of the Southern States."

It will be seen from the above that, so far from having been "hung on a sour-apple-tree," Davis is luxuriating abroad and being lionized as a hero.

MORMONS AND THE NEGROES.

EVERY few days we get some new account of the Mormons, and especially of their chief, Brigham Young. He is a favorite subject for newspaper correspondents. The latest reported visit to him was by a correspondent of the *Washington Star* who records a conversation between the Prophet and himself as follows:

"We had some curiosity to ascertain how the Mormons stood on the negro question, and the following was the result of the inquiries propounded:

"'Are there any negroes in your Territories?'

"Brigham—'A few. There are a considerable number scattered through the Territory.'

"'Are they here as members of the Mormon Church, or as Gentiles?'

"Brigham—'They are connected with the church.'

"'What is their status here in the Territory?'

"Brigham—'We consider them and treat them as what they are, the sons of Cain.'

"'Are they admitted to equal fellowship in your church?'

"Brigham—'No distinction is made against them as members of the Church; but they are not eligible to any office either civil or religious. A good many of them were brought here by Southern brethren when they came from the States. They are industrious and useful members of the community.'"

It seems from the above extract that Brigham Young and his Mormon followers treat the negroes as "sons of Cain." Well, so are all men sons of Cain. Abel had no sons. The whole human race is descended from Adam through Cain. This makes Brigham and the negro natural brothers. Then why should Brigham Young or anybody else deny to the negro his civil and political equality with all other citizens?—*The* (Penn.) *Herald and Free Press.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1869.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ITINERANT.

THE present responsibilities of the President of the United States are of a grave character. With a dual function, civil and military, it is for him to see that the laws are faithfully executed, that the lives and liberties of the people are adequately protected. This care is due from him alike to every portion of the Union. With the best possible official assistants, the individual responsibility of the President is most weighty.

We were not among those who sought General Grant for the presidency. We believed that one better fitted for the duties of that office could have been found and elected. With his Inaugural, and his well chosen words in support of the Fifteenth Amendment, and in behalf of the Indian, we were, however, well pleased, and glad to be able to respond with hearty commendation. With some of his official appointments, especially his recognition, to a limited extent, of the claims of colored men, we have been gratified. For all this we desire to accord to him the full measure of praise due.

But a cry of distress comes to us continually from the South. It comes too, from long suffering loyalists, both colored and white. In Mississippi at the present hour, as is shown by the letter of our correspondent printed elsewhere, there is no word to describe the actual situation but anarchy. The lives of the loyal citizens are at the mercy of the mob. Murderous outrages are fearfully common. A kindred state of affairs exists in Texas. Its record of tragedies is shockingly large. In Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee, South Carolina, Georgia, North Carolina and Virginia the same spirit of violence against the colored and white loyalists prevails. The civil functionaries are impotent, or in league with the rebel mob. The military strength has been "economically" reduced to inexcusable weakness and inefficiency. The holocaust of murder continues essentially unchecked under Grant's, as under Andrew Johnson's administration.

Meanwhile Grant recreates excessively. Rational recreation in itself is good and sometimes very important. If he absolutely needs, and is likely to continue to need so much, he ought, in the present condition of affairs, to resign, that the country may have, what it very much needs, a President in fact as well as in name. No thoughtful observer of the tendency of affairs during the past six months but feels that the pilotless drifting of this summer has been towards dangers with which a little later it will be most difficult to grapple. Not only are cruel and needless burdens imposed upon the loyal people of the South, but, while an incompetent President gives months to the watering places, races, and jaunting, the shrewd diplomatists of the old school of rebel politicians, perceiving their opportunity, are marshalling their forces and by fraud and intimidation regaining control of their former political estates. By the wisest administration during the next three years it will be difficult for the President to restore to the loyal party of the nation what his inattention and want of vigorous action to maintain national authority in the South, has this summer lost to it. It is largely due to his laxity when he should have been firm and decisive, to his apparent indifference and inattention to the actual condition of affairs at the South, that we have had the abnormal political development represented by Walker in Virginia, Senter in Tennessee, Hamilton in Texas, and last, and most disgraceful of all, Dent in Mississippi. The Southern Republicans,—those not concerned in the Hamilton-Dent fraud in the name of Republicanism,—have been reduced to what seems to them a necessity of the situation, (though most unwelcome, and against their own better judgment, as we know from some of them), of advocating "amnesty" and conciliation. The position of the President, and the course of such journals as *The N. Y. Tribune* has, they say, left them no other alternative. Without continued restraint of the rebels of the Southern States, for at least several years, by a firm and decided administration of the National Government, a loyal, Republican party cannot be maintained there. The anarchy which attends "amnesty" in Tennessee is already foreshadowed in Mississippi and Texas. It is inevitable, with impoverished loyalists, thrown unsupported on their own resources in an unequal contest with pardoned, and therefore yet powerful, disciplined rebel antagonists. Tennessee and Louisiana are hopelessly lost to the Republican, loyal party, and as needlessly sacrificed. If the first six months of Grant's administration are a type of what we may expect during the remainder of his term, the Sham-Democracy may count with certainty upon an easy victory in 1872. Consenting to such leadership as Grant's and Greeley's, the Republicans, as a party, will have completed the suicide, begun in Virginia and Tennessee, ere that date.

The good words spoken by the President in favor of the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment are more than counterbalanced by his failure to inspire respect for, and to command obedience to the national authority in the South. Even should the Amendment chance to be ratified by the required number of States, now a question of serious doubt, it is the open boast of rebels that they can with impunity, and that they will, render it of non-effect. In May last it was deemed a foregone conclusion, by nearly all, friends and enemies in common, that the Amendment would be proclaimed as a part of the fundamental law of the nation by the first of January, 1870. Now, especially if Ohio be carried by the Pendleton Sham-Democracy in the approaching election, we see little prospect of its early ratification, even with the enforced aquiescence of Virginia, Mississippi and Texas, except by dividing Texas, and possibly one or two more of the contumacious Rebel States. It will be remembered that originally there was a proviso for the future division of Texas into several States. That proviso was intended to strengthen the cause of slavery. It is not unlikely soon to become necessary to turn it to account in the service of the cause of freedom. We therefore invite the attention of Members of Congress, and of the President, whenever he shall return to Washington to prepare his official message, to the consideration of the subject of a division of Texas, as a contingency which may arise in the near future.

Meanwhile, if there are any influential friends of the President, who can induce him speedily to return from his wanderings to the post of duty, we beseech them, in the name of the suffering loyalists of the South, and of imperilled national interests, to do so.

DEATH OF SENATOR FESSENDEN.

SENATOR FESSENDEN, who died at his residence in Maine on Wednesday last, we have many times had occasion to criticise in these columns. A man of decided intellectual ability, he was without that foresight and high moral purpose requisite to make him a statesman. With Whig antecedents, in his chosen character of "conservative" among Republicans, he has been, during the important Reconstruction period, a heavy make-weight against prompt, straightforward, adequate legislation. Generally the antipodes of Mr. Sumner in his measures and policy, the peevish, unmanly, and often insulting spirit and tone of his opposition, is an unenviable part of his Senatorial record.

The responsibilities of official life in this important transition period have been, and are of no ordinary character. They are akin to those which devolved upon our forefathers at the formation of the government. They builded unwisely and insecurely, as the sequel has made painfully apparent. They tolerated Slavery as a foundation stone of their Constitutional structure. By the Luther Martins and the Sumners of that day they were admonished of the danger, but to no purpose. To to the school of unwise and inadequnte workmen in this period of rebuilding, Mr. Fessenden belonged.

There are times when in the official action of a single hour is involved the destiny for good or ill of a nation for a generation. Such an hour was that in which the men of '87 in convention assembled, "after a season of prayer," decided to compromise with slavery in the formation of the Union. That was a kindred period last year, when the Senate sat as a Court of Impeachment in jurisdiction over the Presidential traitor and ally of rebels who was on trial for high crimes and misdemeanors. Johnson's defection gave new life and renewed hope to a struggle which the slave-masters had been forced to abandon on the battle-field. What the army had accomplished by vanquishing the enemy in the field, it became the duty of the Senate to do as the only body competent to deal with and conquer the Presidential betrayer and traitor. To an overwhelming majority of the House of Representatives, and to more than two-thirds of the Senators, the case was a perfectly clear and unmistakable one, and their votes were given for the conviction and deposition of the new head of rebellion. For the humiliating and damaging defeat in that critical honr, in which much more was involved than the personal interests of and destiny of Andrew Johnson, Senator Fessenden, more than any other man in the nation, was directly responsible. Between him, his colleague in infamy, Ross of Kansas, who as yet has neither died nor hanged himself, and Chief-Justice Chase, the guilt of that pregnant hour will be henceforth chiefly divided. They, and their consenting anti-impeachment compeers for the time being frustrated justice. Andrew Johnson remained in the White House, the triumphant and defiant ally and confederate of red-handed traitors, and the conflict, which it was supposed the war had decided and ended, as a consequence, still continues. On the head of Mr. Fessenden, conspicuous among his Senatorial associates, rested the weighty responsibility of the blood of many hundreds of murdered Southern loyalists who have fallen victims of the horrible guerilla, Ku-Klux warfare which Johnson's acquittal stimulated and has perpetuated. For a time the rebellion was centered in the traitor President. Following his acquittal it has recuperated rapidly. With appliances of murder, and the semi-Republican guises of the Walker, Senter, Dent and Hamilton movements in the several States combined, it is fast coming into full political possession of its old field of dominion. Not only are the Southern States passing again under rebel control, but that fundamentally important measure, the Fifteenth Constitutional Amendment, it is confessed, is in much danger of ultimate defeat. If defeated now, the life time of another generation will pass ere the race problem which it involves will probably gain a just solution on this continent.

Such are the fruits of the Fessenden type of what is miscalled statesmanship. The young men of our time must look elsewhere for wise counsel and worthy example.

COLORPHOBIA at Saratoga Springs, we have learned recently, manifests itself by requiring colored visitors to drink the waters of the Congress and Empire Springs from *green* glass tumblers, while other guests are permitted to use tumblers of the ordinary color! The Rev. Mr. Butler of this city, and several other colored visitors at the Springs this season, have protested against such invidious distinction on account of color. A public meeting was called to consider the matter, of which a correspondent of the *Daily Saratogian* gives the following account:

"A large meeting of colored citizens was held in Zion Church on the evening of the 23d instant, to consider the proscriptive policy that the directors of the Congress and Empire Springs have practiced towards those of their race who wish to partake of the water from their springs.

"Prof. O. C. Gilbert was called to the chair, and Rev. Jacob Thomas appointed secretary. The President stated the object of the meeting, and introduced Rev. W. F. Butler, of New York. The speaker delivered an eloquent speech, and fully exposed the injustice of the rule that made a discrimination between white and colored persons who partook of the water. Mr. Thos. J. Bowers, of Philadelphia, was called out. He made some forcible remarks, urging the residents of this village to take action in the matter and make their protest. Mr. J. W. Bowers, of New York, also made some well-timed remarks upon the subject, suggesting the propriety of making their grievance known to the directors of the Spring, and urging them to remove the rule now existing against them. On motion of Mr. J. W. Bowers, the President of the meeting, Rev. J. C. Gilbert, Thos. J. Bowers, J. R. Wood, R. J. Jeffrey, Rev. Wm. F. Butler and J. W. Bowers were appointed a committee to prepare such remonstrance. The meeting then adjourned.

"The committee subsequently attended to their duty, and presented a concise statement of their grievance to the vice-president of the company. They were assured that the directors would consider the subject at their next regular meeting, which will occur in about four weeks.

"It is hoped they will rescind this act of injustice and oppression."

We hope *The Saratogian* will send a reporter to this forthcoming meeting of the Directors, and furnish the public with the arguments, if there are any offered, to show why *green* colored tumblers should continue to be provided for colored guests at the Springs instead of such as are used by other guests!

A VIRGINIA correspondent, writing under date of Sept. 9th, of affairs in that State, says:

"I am troubled at the not quite unexpected decision of Attorney Gen. Hoar. Last night I read the jubilant paragraphs of the Rebel Virginia press in the *Richmond Whig* of September 7th. The *N. Y. Tribune* joining in the chorus! Rejoicing with the rest that Gen. Canby is not sustained—calls his effort to defeat a Rebel Legislature 'dangerous!'

"The *Whig* contains a report of another murderous riot on Court day,—like the one recently at Heathsville,—where two men were killed and others wounded, at Drammondton. And yet the *Tribune* will suppress the fact as it did *that*; no doubt because if it makes this horrible barbarism of Virginia known, the world can see where the real danger lies to loyal *Union people* and freedom! The *Tribune* in its policy towards Virginia has been *satanic*—well meriting the old title of the *N. Y. Herald*. Although I sent a careful and truthful statement of the Heathsville riot to the *Tribune*, not a word of it, so far as I have seen, has appeared, or any allusion whatever to the affair in any of its news paragraphs. So trifling an event was not worth noticing! No wonder the Rebels delight in Greeley and the *Tribune* to whom they owe so much.

"THE STANDARD'S paragraph about the treachery of the 'Associated Press' items is fully realized in the reports of the Virginia election—echoing falsehood over all the country."

A GENTLEMAN not unknown in the nation, whose opinion is entitled to weighty consideration, in a recent letter addressed to us from Texas, on the political situation, says:

"Republicans throughout the South feel exceedingly gloomy. They see but little hope in the near future,—none at all remotely. The last few days have brought us a little cheering news. Grant was hard to move. He was disposed to surrender to the enemy if he had not been prompted vigorously. The attorney-general's decision sustaining Gen. Canby disturbs the conservatives somewhat, but they will finally come up to the book in a body and make a merit of taking the oath required whatever it may be.

"If they are able to elect their men and seat them, they may possibly adopt the Fifteenth Amendment in order to get into the Union, but they will at the same time override or ignore every Republican section of the Constitution.

"Mr. Greeley is doing us infinite harm. I get quite out patience with one so well informed in regard to the character of the people of the South. He is not deceived. What then is his object? Is he serious in the belief that the sacrifice of the Republicans of the Southern States will strengthen the Republican party of the nation?"

THE nomination of Judge Dent, of the District of Columbia, by the so-called Republican Convention of Mississippi as a candidate for governor, indicates anything but a healthy state of affairs among the Republicans of that State. If he was not sufficiently known before, there is nothing now to be said by way of apology for those by whom he has been nominated, since the publication of his disgraceful correspondence addressed to Secretary Boutwell. The Dent movement is intended to compass the defeat and humiliation of the Radicals of Mississippi, and is a fraud in the name of Republicanism. The New York *Times* says pertinently:

"The Mississippi friends of Judge Lewis Dent are at liberty to nominate him for governor, if they choose; and Judge Lewis Dent is at liberty to accept the nomination, if he think proper. But when the former call themselves 'National Republicans,' and their Convention a 'National Republican Convention,' and when the latter accepts the nomination as the act of the Republicans of the State, they are jointly and severally parties to a fraud. The object of those who have made this nomination is to defeat the genuine Republicans in the approaching contest, and a spurious Republican ticket is considered the best means of accomplishing it. This is what the Dent movement in Mississippi really means."

THE Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Herald*, in an account of the last hours of Secretary Rawlins, relates the following of his interest in the cause of freedom for Cuba:

"Gen. Rawlins again opened his eyes, which now beamed with unusual brightness, and said, 'Yes, I have something more to say. There is Cuba, poor, struggling Cuba. I want you to stand by the Cubans. Cuba must be free. Her tyrannical enemy must be crushed. Cuba must not only be free, but all her sister islands. This republic is responsible for this. I am passing away, but you must look after this. We have been together; now, you must see to this.'

"The question of Cuba seemed to occupy a large share of the thoughts of Gen. Rawlins in these last moments. He manifested great anxiety on this subject, as if one of his desires to prolong his life was to see Cuba freed from the galling yoke of Castilian pride and oppression."

AT a meeting of the Board of Managers of the National Temperance Society, held on Tuesday, at their rooms in this city, it was resolved to petition Congress for the passage of a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks in the District of Columbia. The following form of petition was adopted:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America:

The undersigned, citizens of the United States, respectfully petition your honorable bodies to pass a law prohibiting the sale, as a beverage, of all intoxicating drinks in the District of Columbia.

All friendly to the movement are requested to get signatures to the above petition, and forward the same to the rooms of the National Temperance Society, No. 172 William street.

THE *N. Y. Evening Post* says:

"Gov. Hoffman has sent to the office of the Secretary of State, at Washington, a certified copy of the concurrent resolution of the legislature ratifying the Fifteenth Amendment to the federal Constitution. The omission to do so before arose, probably, from neglect to call his attention to the matter. The usual request of transmission had not been made, and the adoption took place when the Governor was overrun with calls upon his time, it being the last weeks of the session of the legislature. The Speaker of the Assembly or Secretary of State probably could have transmitted a certified copy of the resolution, so that the omission on the part of the Governor was without improper design."

AT a Woman's Rights Convention held last week in Chicago, and presided over by Mrs. Livermore, we see by the *Tribune's* report, that

"One resolution, giving an indirect indorsement of the Fifteenth Amendment, offered by Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell, *created an exciting discussion, and was finally withdrawn.*"

It will be well for Woman Suffrage advocates, such as are without regard for the cruel and peculiar injustice from which colored people as a class suffer, to consider that by so much as the Fifteenth Amendment is hindered, the Sixteenth, likewise important, will be inevitably postponed.

A MEMPHIS, Tenn. telegram of Sept. 11th says:

"The *Evening Post, the only Republican paper here*, suspended to-day, Governor Senter having withdrawn the State patronage from it."

It might be well if the *Tribune* could be published for a time in Tennessee under its new "amnesty" rule, and for Mr. Greeley to try the medicine he has helped to force down the throats of his reluctant Republican brethren of that State.

THE Maine Election, which occurred on Monday last, resulted in the reelection of Gov. Chamberlin, the Republican candidate, though, as in the case of Vermont, by a reduced vote.

The Fair of the American Institute now open in this city is the largest and most interesting exhibition ever held under the auspices of the Institute. Nearly all classes of industry and mechanism are represented. To keep pace with the many new, and some highly useful inventions, brought out and exhibited from year to year it is quite worth while to pay a visit to the Fair. The daily attendance is already very large, and capacious as is the building, the Empire City Rink, it is quite too small to accommodate those who are desirous of space as exhibitors but delayed too late their applications. Mr. Peter W. Downing, (a brother of our friend, George T. Downing, Esq.) by invitation of the Board of Managers of the Institute, has a large Restaurant in connection with the Fair, which is complete in all its appointments, and will doubtless be fully appreciated by the numerous visitors. To New Yorkers the name of Downing is a sufficient guarantee of excellence in the line of the caterer's duties.

The Evening Post says:

"Mr. J. W. Gregory will exhibit at the American Institute Fair some very fine specimens of the Ramie plant, grown near New Orleans. It is said that this plant grows much more luxuriantly in Louisiana than in Java, of which it is a native. The fibre has already attracted much attention, and many English manufactures are about to substitute it for silk in various kinds of goods. Four hundred acres of land will be devoted to the cultivation of this plant near New Orleans this fall."

The introduction of the "Ramie Plant" in the South seems likely to develop a new and important branch of business. The fibre of the plant is finer than that of the best quality of cotton. It is a much less laborious plant to cultivate than cotton, and thus far has been free from any insect enemies, such as are now preying upon the cotton crop. Some of the fabrics manufactured in England from "Ramie" and kindly shown us by Mr. Gregory, have very much the appearance of silk.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Mill's "Subjection of Women" has appeared in Paris, under the title of "*L' Assujettissement des Femmes*"

Senator Sumner and Collector Russell, of Boston, were out sailing in Boston harbor during the great storm of Wednesday last, and their friends were very much alarmed for their safety.

John B. Gough is writing a book of "Reminiscenses of Travel in England." He works on it, it is said, from nine at night until three in the morning, because he can think better at night.

Mrs. Frances D. Gage, we learn, received, by the last English mail, a letter, dated from Glasgow, from Miss Clara Barton announcing her safe arrival, after a somewhat prolonged and unpleasant passage.

Madame Dumergne, who recently took the degree of Bachelor of Medicine, has opened a *pharmacie* in Montpelier, France. This is the first establishment of the kind in France opened under the direction of a lady.

MISS ANNA A. THOMSON, for several years past connected with THE STANDARD, as an efficient, faithful office assistant, and Mr. WILLIAM KING, of Newark, N. J., were married on Wednesday evening last in Newark, by the Rev. Charles T. Haley, assisted by the Rev. John F. Pingry. We extend to them our hearty congratulations.

The Pope has an eye to a future constituency among the colored people, as will be seen by the following telegram:

LONDON, Sept. 10th.—The *Morning Post* says: "His Holiness the Pope is about to make great efforts to convert the negroes of America. Two hundred of them are now studying for the priesthood."

The *Evening Post* says:

"Thomas Carlyle is not very hopeful of our future. He recently told Mr. George Ripley, 'as sure as the Lord reigns you are rushing down to hell with desperate velocity. The scum of the world has got possession of your country, and nothing can save you from the devil's clutches.'"

Mr. Ripley, of the *Tribune* has visited, among other celebrities, in London, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who is descended from one of the ancient aristocratic families of Great Britain. She resides in one of those charming suburban residences which give such an attractive rural aspect to the environs of London. Her manners have a peculiar cordiality. In conversation she is joyous, fluent, animated in the extreme, and eminently instructive, though without a trace of pedantry or learned display.

The Liberal Christian says:

"Rev. Mr. Frothingham resumed his preaching in Lyric Hall last Sunday morning. The hall has been furnished throughout with new and comfortable seats, a needed step towards making it attractive. The preacher's theme was the value of the Sunday service as a means, and, at present, a most important means of toning up the intellectual and moral nature. The pulpit must be looked to for a noble interpretation of Providence and Life, for a vindication of the spiritual dignity of the individual against the assaults of materialistic science and social worldliness, and for the maintenance of the faith in human brotherhood, on moral and spiritual grounds. These three points were stated and illustrated in Mr. Frothingham's usual manner, and were lifted up as the standard round which he invited his hearers to rally. The audience was unusually large for the season."

The (Boston) *Christian Register*, in an account of a recent meeting addressed by Mr. Cardozo of South Carolina, says:

"William and Ellen Crafts were present, and in response to an earnest call, the former gave some reminiscences of the time when they were carried out of Boston. He paid a tribute to Theodore Parker and said that the revolver and the Bible which Mr. Parker gave him he had always carried with him. He had endeavored to teach his children from the Bible, and had often shown them the revolver, not so much because it did any service as because it might have done service if the slaveholders had given him an opportunity to use it. But they had more wisdom than they were credited with, and left the city of their own accord, and gave him and his wife an opportunity to leave the city unmolested."

Mrs. A. W. H. Howard, the Boston Correspondent of *The Washington Chronicle*, in a recent letter, alludes to Milmore, the artist, and to Mr. Sumner, as follows:

"I called at the studio building to inquire for art. All Bostonians walk softly by the doors in that building numbered forty-nine and fifty, for they designate rooms once used as a studio by the late lamented Furness, whose nature was so true, so tender, so brave, and so sweet that even his memory is like a benediction. In No. 51 I found our talented young sculptor, Martin Milmore, who informed me that art was 'out of town,' which could not be strictly true so long as he remained, and he does not leave for a week or ten days. Milmore is a strikingly handsome man, of I won't say what age, for I never guessed within ten years on any man's age; but he is decidedly young. He has a fine intellectual head, with jet black hair and eyes. He is just my ideal of an Italian artist. He has a foreign tour in prospect, and in the meantime is as busy as possible at home. His designs for soldiers' monuments and statues for public buildings, among which may be mentioned those in Horticultural Hall, in Boston, give great and universal satisfaction He has a bust of Wendell Phillips in hand; that of George Ticknor, in the Public Library, is also his work. He has in his studio the completed bust of Charles Sumner, in marble, a magnificent work of art. Mr. Sumner in his native city, as in his own State and the country at large, was never so popular as at the present time, and some of the wealthy citizens, wishing to commemorate his recent reelection by a testimonial which should show their hearty approval of his political and social career during the last twenty-four years, commissioned Mr. Milmore to execute his bust in marble, which he has done to the gratification of all concerned. It will be presented to the State this fall, with appropriate ceremonies. It will occupy a niche in the State House, among the tattered but victorious flags of our old Commonwealth. The bust, no less than the flags, will be a mute reminder of the 'barbarism of slavery,' and history

will record that the fight of the Senator against the encroachments of the slave power was as gallant and uncompromising as that of the soldiers who bore, through the shock of battle, the banners which droop so peacefully to day. Mr. Sumner has been in Boston most of the season, though he is now at Mr. Sargent's, Fishkill, New York. The Bostonians are very proud of keeping him with us so much. Fashionable Nahant only kept him for a week. He seemed when in Boston in excellent health and spirits. He stopped at the Corlidge House, and was surrounded by friends. He never looked better, and his air and bearing were so genial that it was difficult to believe that he was the man at whom the British lion roared for six weeks in succession without once stopping to take breath. Our Senator's nervous system is fully equal to that lion's lungs, and should he roar till the 'crack of doom' he will never roar Mr. Sumner down."

Referring to amusements in Boston, and to Miss Galton, who is a special favorite in Philadelphia, Mrs. Howard says:

"Amusements are going on very well for warm weather. I will say, for the benefit of any of Miss Susan Galton's admirers who may chance to be reading this letter on the porch at Cape May, that she was greatly admired. One of her lady entertainers in Chesnut street [Mrs. Sargent, we infer] has written me as follows: 'Her acting is characterized by a natural ease of manner, simplicity, and *naiveté*, and in her general presence and air an entire freedom from stage affectation. She spent an evening here with others. I was impressed with her conversational ease, and I think she is destined to make her mark quite positively.'"

Lucretia Mott, though herself in feeble health, has recently paid a visit to Nantucket to attend the funeral of Nathaniel Barney, whose death is announced elsewhere. *The Philadelphia Post* of Tuesday refers to her visit and quotes from the *Nantucket Inquirer* as follows:

"We learn that this good woman has recently made a visit to the island of Nantucket, the place of her birth. The following beautiful tribute we copy [from the Nantucket *Inquirer:*

"'A Beautiful Memorial.—Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a good audience gathered in the Unitarian Church, on Wednesday evening last, to listen to the venerable Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia. She was happily introduced by the pastor, Rev. Thomas Dawes. Her discourse, while it ranged freely among the reforms and errors of the present day, political, social, and ecclesiastical, was a beautiful memoir of the life of our friend and former townsman, Nathaniel Barney. She identified him with many of the great philanthropic movements of this century, kindly and most generously awarded to him the undisputed credit of a busy and successful Christian life.

"'To hear Lucretia Mott is a privilege. Her very presence is a purification and an elevation. In her rebukes, uttered against evil in many forms, she never loses sight of her womanly position; never for a moment becomes boisterous, but in her own calm and persuasive manner, so Christ-like, *leads* her hearers to the recognition of the good and beautiful. We glance backward in history. Among the honorable women of other days we notice the names of Edgeworth, Baillie, More and Siddons. Side by side with these the name of Lucretia Mott stands forth, radiant with the brightness of her pure character. Organizations for the discussion of "Woman's Rights and the Public Welfare" may summon their members in America, or communicate with their adherents in Germany, France and Switzerland. Stuart Mill, Dr. Bushnell, Lord Haughton and others may endeavor to define the position and claims of woman, yet the living example of Lucretia Mott proves that the public career of a thoughtful, cultivated Christian woman, no less than her private sphere of action, has ever been attended by high, noble and lofty virtues. John Stuart Mill, one of the world's earnest thinkers, tells us that all popular reforms must pass through the three stages of *Ridicule, Discussion* and *Acceptance*. In an eminent sense, then Lucretia Mott has reached the stage of *Acceptance*, and her words will ever be preserved among us as "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

"'In most touching allusion to the death of Nathaniel Barney, she said that the good, the pure, the upright, do not die. We may return thanks for the blessing of his presence. It is allowable that we should dwell upon the good deeds of the departed. She wanted the life and death of such a man to be presented to the young. It was a sweet and tender tribute to a worthy man, and while listening to her chaste language, we could but recall those eloquent words of Bishop Huntington: "Blessed be God that He suffers His children to walk towards Him through ways so various in their outward look—Sarah Martin from her cottage-bed, Earl Spencer from his gorgeous couch, little children in their innocence, unpretending women in the quiet ministrations of faithful love, strong and useful *men*, whom suffering households and institutions and Churches mourn!" Significant fact, that Nantucket is the birthplace of such a woman as Lucretia Mott. Surely goodness and mercy must have followed her all the days of her life.'"

OBITUARY.

Nathaniel Barney.

Died.—At Poughkeepsie, at the residence of his son-in-law, Alanson Swain, on Thursday evening, Sept. 2nd, Nathaniel Barney, of Nantucket, Mass., in the 77th year of his age.

Again we have to record the departure to the next life of another of the early, constant and uncompromising company of Abolitionists. Nantucket was one of the early battle-fields of the modern conflict for the overthrow of slavery. Among the first, most influential and unwearied coadjutors thereon was Nathaniel Barney. To him, after an eventful, stormy campaign of Anti-Slavery meetings on the Island, was addressed, as its numerous readers will remember, that most effective and startling little Anti-Slavery pamphlet, by Stephen S. Foster, with its terrifying title, "The Brotherhood of Thieves; or a True Picture of the American Church and Clergy." In that trying period, when the dark cloud of slavery overshadowed the whole land, when the slave-masters of the South were as completely the masters of the masses of politicians, clergymen, church members, merchants, and scholars in Northern society as of the negroes on their own plantations, when mobs and martyrdom attended the Anti-Slavery movement, Nathaniel Barney was one of its conscientious, steadfast supporters. Such he has continued to be through the intervening years of progress to the day of his death, and the hour of a well-nigh completed victory. In the period through which it will be needful that we labor yet a little longer ere our clients, the colored people, possess full, and impartial freedom in the nation, we shall miss him from our circle of warmly sympathetic friends and helpers. He would desire no better tribute to his memory than to have it said of him that he was one who served with fidelity in his day the Anti-Slavery Cause. A cousin of our beloved friend Lucretia Mott, he too was a liberal and an enlightened Friend. In the memorable conflict in the New York Yearly Meeting which resulted in the disownment of Isaac T. Hopper and Charles Marriott, because of their cooperation with the American Anti-Slavery Society as members of its Executive Committee, Nathaniel Barney was one of the warmest defenders of the Right, a true Friend,—though, to the great discredit of the Society it must be written, he was in the minority. Many years prior to the modern, Immediate Emancipation movement, Friends had taken action for the elimination of slavery from within their own denominational limits. It is but a few weeks since, as our readers will remember, we presented in The Standard an article entitled "The First Testimony against Slavery," which was from the pen of Nathaniel Barney, reprinted from the *Poughkeepsie Eagle*. In this he showed the priority of the efforts of the Chester, (Pa.,) and Nantucket Friends against slavery, and referred to the Anti-Slavery Labors of Mary Starbuck and Elihu Coleman of Nantucket as early as 1716-20. In conclusion he wrote:

"Thus we have seen that from 140 to 150 years ago, the enlightened vision of the friends of Chester and Nantucket, penetrated the dark hiding places of Slavery, and placed a righteous verdict upon human chattelism! To them the religion of Jesus embraced the Divine attributes of justice, mercy and truth, and that it was only as they *practically* deferred to these, that they could assume to have any *just* conception of their obligations and duties as professing Christians.

And with reference to the record of that distant period, the prophetic words of James Russell Lowell are peculiarly significant—

"O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and wearless brain;
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain!"

Po'keepsie, 7th Mo., '69. N. B."

This we presume was the last article prepared by him for publication. He bore an important part in the struggle in Nantucket necessary to gain for colored children equal opportunities for education in the public schools. He was a man of a most kindly, sympathetic nature always prompt and unwearied in his efforts to relieve the suffering everywhere. With more than average culture, with native refinement, ever thoughtful of the happiness of others, he was a most genial friend and companion. Greatly will he be missed from the circle in which he moved, and from the home in which he was a devoted husband, a most kind and loving father:

"Thanks for the good man's beautiful example
Who in the vilest saw
Some sacred crypt or altar of a temple
Still vocal with God's law.

* * *

"His faith and works, like streams that intermingle,
In the same channel ran:
The crystal clearness of an eye kept single
Shamed all the frauds of man.

"The very gentlest of all human natures
He joined to courage strong,
And love outreaching unto all God's creatures
With sturdy hate of wrong.

"Tender as woman: manliness and meekness
In him were so allied
That they who judged him by his strength or weakness
Saw but a single side.

* * *

"And now he rests; his greatness and his sweetness
No more shall seem at strife;
And death has moulded into calm completeness
The statue of his life."

Our Boston Correspondence.

NO. CCXLIII.

Boston, September 12th, 1869.

I told you a week or two ago of the committal of Daniel S. Curtis to the common jail for two months, for gross assault upon a fellow-passenger in a railroad car. His sentence to this effect in the Municipal Court was carried by appeal to the Superior Court, and there confirmed, to the satisfaction of a great majority of the community. But as some of his aristocratic friends thought it very indecorous that a gentleman, a banker, and a man of good family should undergo the full extent of a punishment so entirely plebian, about three hundred of them signed a paper requesting the Governor and Council to release him by pardon. These petitioners had two hearings last week before a committee of the Council, and by request of this committee Mr. Churchill, the gentleman assaulted, appeared to give his testimony respecting the assault, and the circumstances which preceded it.

The quiet, dispassionate and circumstantial narrative given by this gentleman seemed fully to justify the decision of the two courts, and additional circumstances brought out by the examination of other witnesses, some of them friends of the prisoner, made his case appear worse than before. Mr. Churchill had offered, both before and after the case was put in suit, to stay proceedings if Mr. Curtis would make a suitable apology. Not only was this refused, but the insulting offer of money was made to Mr. Churchill to relinquish the prosecution.

Before and after Mr. Churchill took the vacant seat to which he had a perfect right, as the first comer—although he courteously offered to relinquish it, and did relinquish it, when the gentleman expected by his antagonists appeared, five minutes later—the two persons sitting with Mr. Curtis had joined him in an uncivil and arrogant demeanor to the new-comer, and both, at this hearing, represented the incredulity shown by Mr. Churchill in regard to their declaration that the seat was "reserved," as a part of the provocation accounting for and justifying Mr. Curtis's assault.

The facts brought out at the second hearing amply justified Mr. Churchill's "incredulity," as it plainly appeared that there was not the slightest foundation for the pretence, by one of Mr. Curtis's friends, that the seat *was* "reserved." It was an attempt, by the Curtis party, to impose upon the new-comer, and bully him out of the seat which he had an undoubted right to retain, as well as to take. The whole demeanor of Mr. Curtis, his looks, his actions and his language, seemed intended to emulate Æsop's "dog in the manger," and he fully merited the words addressed to him by Mr. Churchill on leaving the seat, namely, "If you are a gentleman, I never saw one before."

The only case in which a seat in a rail-car can be properly called "reserved" is when an actual occupant is obliged to leave the car for a few minutes, and notifies some neighbor that he intends to return to the seat he has left. The first comer is entitled to his choice of all the places vacant; and Mr. Curtis's friend had no more right to make the claim he did, than to bar people out of the seats before and behind his, that his friends, who do not take the trouble to come early may sit next him.

As far as I heard the expressions of opinion of those who attended these hearings, it was agreed that Mr. Curtis had richly deserved his punishment. The Committee were unanimous in their report, and the Governor and Council unanimous in their decision, that no pardon should be granted.

The character of Mr. Curtis, as developed by this scene in the car and the legal proceedings that followed it, is well suited to remind us of the warfare carried on by his father and uncles against Theodore Parker. Those men were zealous advocates of and coöperators with the fugitive slave law; and finding Mr. Parker's preaching to be their chief obstacle in that business, they exerted themselves in various ways to silence his voice and counteract his influence. It was one of those men who, addressing a pro-slavery audience in Faneuil Hall, read a quotation from one of Mr. Parker's sermons, and said he should like to ask the Reverend gentleman some questions about it. When he had asked the questions, supposing Mr. Parker absent, that gentleman suddenly stood up in the gallery and asked whether Mr. Curtis wanted an answer to his questions? Mr. Curtis hesitated a moment and then prudently replied that he would rather not have his speech interrupted!

The storm which occurred last week seems to have been more disastrous and more sweeping in extent than anything since the "September Gale" of 1815; though the storm that wrecked Minot's Ledge light-house was as severe within a limited space. Immense damage has been done on land and sea along all the New England coast, as well as to many places inland. Great numbers of church edifices seem to have suffered, with no perceptible discrimination in regard to the orthodoxy or heterodoxy of their doctrine. Among the more noticeable in this city were these two:—the Methodist Church in Hanover street, of very mixed architecture and material, its body being of brick, its pretentious front of freestone, and its lofty steeple of wood, lost the important member last mentioned, which broke off at the belfry, turned upside down, and now stands resting on the ground and leaning against the church in a reversed position: the other is the gorgeous Central Church in Berkeley street, lately erected at an expense of three hundred thousand dollars; two of the stone pinnacles around its belfry were displaced by the gale, one of which smashed the pavement in front, while the other crashed through roof, pews and floor, and landed in the cellar. The repair of these damages will add, it is supposed, five or six thousand dollars to the already heavy debt of the Central Church.

The roof of the Coliseum came in for a considerable share of damage. The great central window of the orchestral end had not been built to resist the strain of a tornado, and at last gave way, carrying with it the upper portion of the Southern wall, and crushing the fine organ, for the removal of which to Chicago a contract had been made. The wind, having thus gained entrance, had its own way with the weaker parts of the structure, and forthwith blew out the upper portion of the wall at the Northern end, and lifted the boards of a quarter part of the roof, scattering them in all directions. Of course, the artistic decorations of the building had no chance against such an invader. King David and Saint Cecilia at one end of the buidling, and the emblematic "Angels of Peace," at the other, were ruthlessly rent and shattered, and numbers of "Flags of our Union" were torn into strips and dispersed. The damages however are to be repaired sufficiently to allow the giving of two or three more great concerts, before the removal of the building at the time originally intended.

It is noticeable that some new buildings, just completed, churches and other edifices, were prostrated and entirely destroyed. Among these were a Methodist Church in South Boston and a Romon Catholic Cathedral in Portland. It is often said that a flimsy and unsafe style of building has prevailed of late years, and that the work of carpenters and masons is less faithfully done, in many cases at least, than it used to be. Now that, unfortunately, there are many cases of such work having proved insufficient for safety and permanence, it would seem well that competent authorities should examine these cases of failure, and report in what particulars the work of their construction was less thoroughly done than it should have been. The experience of the last few years has shown us that tempests, whirlwinds and tornadoes do visit our latitude, and come more frequently than half a century ago, and may come at any time. Our buildings, therefore, should be fitted to withstand such storms as the one of last week; and the builder who does not take these into account should be held responsible when his edifice tumbles.

North.

LITERARY.

Hospital Sketches. By Louisa M. Alcott. 379 pp. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

These "Hospital Sketches" were originally written as letters from Washington when Miss Alcott was engaged as nurse in one of the army hospitals there in the winter of 1862-3. They were printed at that time in the *Boston Commonwealth*, and were received with warm commendation by the public. Miss Alcott possesses the rare gift of presenting a cheerful view to even the saddest of scenes, and so these "Sketches" excite smiles as well as tears. Some have objected to these descriptions of hospital life as having a "tone of levity." To such she says in her preface "that the wish to make the best of everything and send home cheerful reports even from that saddest of scenes, an army hospital, probably produced the impression of levity upon those who have never known the sharp contrasts of the tragic and comic in such a life.

"That Nurse Periwinkle gave no account of her religious services, thereby showing a 'sad want of Christian experience,' can only be explained by the fact, that it would have as soon occurred to her to print the letters written for the men, their penitent confidences, or their dying messages, as to mention the prayers she prayed, the hymns she sung, the sacred words she read; while the '*Christian experience*' she was receiving then and there was far too deep and earnest to be recorded in a newspaper."

The touching story of the brave John's struggle and triumph cannot soon be forgotten by those who read it. The lesson, too, which Miss Alcott teaches of our Christian duties to the colored people is most timely and valuable. We quote the following scene:

"But more interesting than officers, ladies, mules or pigs, were my colored brothers and sisters, because so unlike the respectable members of society I'd known in moral Boston.

"Here was the genuine article—no, not the genuine article at all, we must go to Africa for that—but the sort of creatures generations of slavery have made them: obsequious, trickish, lazy and ignorant, yet kind-hearted, merry-tempered, quick to feel and accept the least token of the brotherly love which is slowly teaching the white hand to grasp the black, in this great struggle for the liberty of both the races.

"Having been warned not to be too rampant on the subject of slavery, as secesh principles flourished even under the shadow of Father Abraham, I had endeavored to walk discreetly, and curb my unruly member; looking about me with all my eyes the while, and saving up the result of my observations for future use. I had not been there a week before the neglected, devil-may-care expression in many of the faces about me, seemed an urgent appeal to leave nursing white bodies, and take some care for these black souls. Much as the lazy boys and saucy girls tormented me, I liked them, and found that any show of interest or friendliness brought out the better traits which live in the most degraded and forsaken of us all. I liked their cheerfulness, for the dreariest old hag, who scrubbed all day in that pestilential steam, gossipped and grinned all the way out, when night set her free from drudgery. The girls romped with their dusky sweethearts, or tossed their babies, with the tender pride that makes mother-love a beautifier to the homeliest face. The men and boys sang and whistled all day long; and often, as I held my watch, the silence of the night was sweetly broken by some chorus from the street, full of real melody, whether the song was of heaven, or of hoe-cakes; and, as I listened, I felt that we never should doubt nor despair concerning a race which, through such griefs and wrongs, still clings to this good gift, and seems to solace with it the patient hearts that wait and watch and hope until the end.

"I expected to have to defend myself from accusations of a prejudice against color; but was surprised to find things just the other way, and daily shocked some neighbor by treating the blacks as I did the whites. The men *would* swear at the 'darkies,' would put two *gs* into negro, and scoff at the idea of any good coming from such trash. The nurses were willing to be served by the colored people, but seldom thanked them, never praised, and scarcely recognized them in the street; whereat the blood of two generations of abolitionists waxed hot in my veins, and, at the first opportunity, proclaimed itself, and asserted the right of free speech as doggedly as the irrepressible Folsom herself.

"Happening to catch up a funny little black baby who was toddling about the nurses' kitchen, one day, when I went down to make a mess for some of my men, a Virginia woman standing by elevated her most prominent feature, with a sniff of disapprobation, exclaiming:

"'Gracious, Miss P.! how can you? I've been here six months, and never so much as touched the little toad with a poker.'

"'More shame for you, ma'am,' responded Miss P.; and with the natural perversity of a Yankee, followed up the blow by kissing 'the toad,' with ardor. His face was providentially as clean and shiny as if his mamma had just polished it up with a corner of her apron and a drop from the tea-kettle spout, like old Aunt Chloe. This rash act, and the anti-slavery lecture that followed, while one hand stirred gruel for sick America, and the other hugged baby Africa, did not produce the cheering result which I fondly expected; for my comrade henceforth regarded me as a dangerous fanatic, and my protegé nearly came to his death by insisting on swarming up stairs to my room, on all occasions, and being walked on like a little black spider."

The "Camp and Fireside Stories," eight in number, make up the rest of the volume. They were originally published as magazine contributions and were received with much favor. Their collection in one volume, with the "Sketches," will afford much additional pleasure to the numerous readers of *Little Women*, into whose hands the book will be sure to go.

Papers from Over the Water. A Series of Letters from Europe. By Sinclair Tousey. 204 pages. New York: American News Company.

These letters were written during a foreign tour by Mr. Tousey for the *Evening Mail*. In his preface to the present volume he says "they are not offered as possessing any literary merit whatever;" but no one should therefore conclude that they are not worth reading. Though unpretentious, they are written in a very entertaining, familiar, conversational style, telling intelligently, with directness and brevity, what the author saw of most interest to himself and most likely to interest his friends. His tour embraced England, France, Belgium Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Spain, Bavaria, Scotland and Ireland.

We give a single extract,—his account of the "Colosseum," (not that of Boston) in a letter from Rome:

"Ruins to-day mark the seat of old Rome's wonderful power; and such ruins! Read about them, talk of them much as one may, they must be seen to be comprehended; indeed, seeing is hardly enough; they must be studied and studied, and gazed upon time after time, till, as in experiments in chemistry, or discoveries in astronomy, light breaks upon the gazer, and their immensity is realized, comprehended, appreciated.

"Here is the Colosseum. Many of our New York dwelling-houses are twenty feet wide, and average, perhaps, forty feet in depth. Three hundred such houses, with alleys between, could stand on the ground covered by the ruins of the great amphitheatre. Place three of your four-story houses on top of each other and the roof of the topmost one would not be higher from the ground than is the top of the outer wall of this pile that has been laughing at Time for eighteen centuries. Close packing and hard squeezing will put about four thousand people into the great hall of Cooper Institute, if all the aisles and lobbies are filled. More than twenty times four thousand persons could be seated in the Colosseum. Great care is taken to preserve it as it is; for an old superstition proclaims the downfall of Rome with the downfall of the Colosseum. Our first visit to it was on a bright day; and as we roamed about its six acres of walls and arches, the birds were singing merrily in the warm sunshine, seeming to bid us of the New World welcome. Our next visit was by mooonlight; and as we passed along the corridors, and under the firm old arches, torch in hand, the owls, whose premises were thus rudely invaded, hoarsely screeched their notes for our departure. As the pale light of the moon shone on the crumbling seats, it seemed as if the shadowy forms of those who once filled them were again in their places; and as we emerged beyond the outer wall, the far-off hooting of the angry owls sounded like the dying groans of a gladiator, who had fought his last battle in the old arena.

"The Forum, with its broken columns, the Pantheon, obeliska, Cæsarean palaces, baths, pagan temples, the tomb-lined Appian Way, are all wonderful. So are the Catacombs, and the remains of the old aqueducts; and very remarkable are the great detached masses of cemented brick-work seen outside the walls of the city, standing all alone, hundreds of yards from any building or arch or structure of any kind, looking as if they had been broken from some great temple-wall, or other huge buildings larger and greater than any now known, resembling, as they loom up from the smooth plain, enormous, solid towers, grass wreathed and bush-crowned."

We have heard of "vicarious traveling," sometimes more agreeable than making the journey oneself; and many American readers, beyond Mr. Tousey's circle of personal friends, will, by the aid of his book, be enabled thus very pleasantly to make a European tour without leaving their firesides. The book is handsomely printed, and neatly and substantially bound. It may be obtained of the American News Company.

Putnam's Monthly for October, in advance of its competitors, has already made its appearance. It presents a varied and interesting table of contents. Mr. G. P. Putnam contributes the first of a series of papers entitled "Leaves from a Publisher's Letter Book," from which we quote the following reminiscence of Margaret Fuller:

MARGARET FULLER TO MR. PUTNAM.

Paris, November 28th, 1836.

Dear Sir: * * * Proposals have been made to me for translating some fragments of my writings into the French journals, and I think that, at least, the sketch of American literature and some part of "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" might be interesting here. Will you have the kindness to send me five copies of the "Papers on Literature and Art," and to purchase for me as many of "Woman," etc., to send with them. I can give them away much to my advantage and pleasure to the persons with whom I am making acquaintance. As I have already given away the copies I brought with me, would you have the kindness to send the parcel as early as possible, and in some safe way, to my address here. * * *

We are enjoying a great deal here; it is truly the city of pleasures.

Mademoiselle Rachel I have seen with the greatest delight. I go whenever she acts, and when I have seen the entire range of her parts, intend to write a detailed critique, which shall also comprehend comments on the high French tragedy. * * * * * *

With compliments * * *

Margaret Fuller.

During her visit to London, on her way to Italy, Margaret Fuller passed an evening at Knickerbocker Cottage; and I had also an opportunity to study her peculiar manner when she made an address at the anniversary of an Italian school, at which Mazzini, Gallenga, and others made speeches. In this address (1847), Miss Fuller said that it was quite customary in her own country for women to speak in public. This seemed to me to be not a very accurate, though it might be a prophetic remark.

It so happened that our party in Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, and Rome, was a good deal with that of Miss Fuller. Between Leghorn and Civita Vecchia our steamer, an English one, was run down in the night by a French steamer. As they were going in opposite directions, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, such a shock in the dead of night, knocking us out of our berths, was not fitted to soothe an anxious spirit. The first impulse was to rush on deck to see if we were actually sinking. Fortunately the bow of the Frenchman had merely smashed one of our paddle-boxes, and the wheel itself, but had not injured the hull; so I jumped down to the ladies' cabin, to re-assure my wife and the other ladies. The door was opened by Miss Fuller in her night-dress. Instead of hysterical fright, as I expected, my hurried report that there would be time to dress before we went to the bottom, was met by Miss Fuller by the remark that seemed to me superhuman in its quiet calmness: "Oh, we—had not—made up our minds, that it was—worth while—to be at all—alarmed!" Verily woman—American woman, at least—is wonderful for her cool philosophy and strong-nerved stoicism in great danger!

The narration in the memoirs of Miss Fuller of her first meeting with her future husband, the Marquis d'Ossoli, is not accurate. Her party had been attending some of the services of Holy Week in St. Peter's—ours had heard the miserere in the Sistine Chapel. As we came away from the Chapel, and met the throng from the great church on the steps, Miss Fuller stepped out quickly to overtake us, saying she had lost her friends; and as it was nearly dark, she seemed quite bewildered—more alarmed, indeed, than when we were really in danger of being drowned in the Mediterranean. She had taken the arm of a young gentlemen in the crowd, who had politely offered to escort her home, or to a cab; but on joining us, she took leave of him, as we thought rather ungraciously. She certainly did not give her address to him, but left him in the crowd, and we ourselves took her to her lodgings. How and when they met again, we do not know. But this was the first time the Marquis had seen her, and he left her in the confusion, without knowing who she was or where she lived.

At a notable private concert at the Palazzo ——, Miss Fuller appeared with us one evening, rather unconsciously, in the character of Madame. The superb music, from some of the best artists in Europe, with cardinals and other grandees for fellow-guests, was pleasant to remember, rather than the question of identity suggested by the very magnificent hostess and her chief of staff.

Vincent Collyer contributes a second article of much interest entitled "Notes Among the Indians," from which we shall quote hereafter.

The Springfield Republican says:

"Mr. H. M. Burt, publisher of the *New England Homestead* of this city, whose popular guide book of the Connecticut valley has been before the public several years, is now at work upon a new guide book for the entire route from New York to Montreal and Quebec, to be copiously illustrated with engravings from new and original designs, and to contain descriptions and piquant notices of all matters of interest along the route, freshly gleaned and carefully prepared for the public eye, and to be issued in the most compact and desirable form for either the travelling public or for private reference. Mr. Burt is also preparing a similar guide book, with new and original illustrations of the White Mountains, and another still of the lower St. Lawrence and Saguenay rivers, including Montreal, Quebec and other places of note in the lower Canadian province. The work on all these books, most of which is already accomplished, will be completed this fall and during the coming winter, and the book ready for sale early next spring. Mr. Burt's former experience in getting up guide books, and his familiarity with the fields of travel which he is now cultivating, give him the best facilities for prosecuting such a work successfully, and we shall look for some excellent guide books of these most notable and interesting regions of country."

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, have ready the first five Parts of their "Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology," by Dr. J. Thomas, the learned Editor of "Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World." Such a work of reference is greatly needed, and its issue will be warmly welcomed both by scholars and by general readers.

MUSICAL.

The Fourth Anniversary of Madame Parepa-Rosa's debut here as a lyric artiste was commemorated by a very large audience on Saturday evening last on the occasion of the opening of the English opera season. She was most warmly greeted, was in excellent voice, and her unrivalled notes were as welcome and wonderful as ever. The opera, the "Puritan's Daughter" by Balfe, was new to the American musical public. It is by no means a superior opera, is scarcely worthy the powers of so distinguished and superior a company. Mr. Campbell, Mr. Castle, Mr. Seguin, and Miss Fanny Stockton of the "Richings Company," all well established favorites, were very cordially received; and Mr. Lawrence with a good English reputation, made, with his first appearance, an excellent impression. Carl Rosa led very satisfactorily a thoroughly good and well organized orchestra. Other operas, which though not new here are better, are to follow, and the season will doubtless prove a highly successful one. This (Saturday) afternoon "The Puritan's Daughter" will be given at a matinée performance; and this evening, "Somnambula," with Miss Rose Hersee, as prima donna, her first appearance in this country.

The Temporary Home for Destitute Children a 24 Kneeland street, Boston, has now in charge two colored boys, about six years of age,—twins,—both interesting and capable; one remarkably bright and worthy of the best education. They are there waiting to be taken, or adopted by some family. No one who sees them fails to be struck with their noticeable ability. If any reader of this knows of any one wishing to adopt them, please address Mrs. Gwynn, No. 24 Kneeland street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Wendell Phillips.

"Cleansing the Blood," upon which charlatans have harped so much, is not a mere catch-word and delusion. The microscope shows that some diseases exist like parasitic growths upon the globules of the blood, and it is further known that some subtle substances destroy or expel them. These substances have been combined to make Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which does effectually expel the disorders that breed and rankle in the blood to rot out as it were the machinery of life.—*Mercer* (Pa.) *Whig.*

Special Notices.

PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We have completed arrangements which enable us to offer, as an additional premium for new subscribers, a life-like, handsomely finished, medium sized photograph of John G. Whittier. It is of the same size, and in the same finished style, as that of Mr. Phillips, and by the same artist, Mr. Augustus Marshall, 145 Tremont street, Boston. As a photographer, Mr. Marshall is equalled by few, and surpassed by none in Boston, or elsewhere. Each photograph will be accompanied by Mr. Whittier's autograph. We doubt not that many of our readers, by whom everything from Mr. Whittier's pen is fondly treasured, will be glad to avail themselves of this favorable opportunity to obtain a recent and truthful likeness of him. It is the best we have ever seen of him, and will, we have no doubt, give excellent satisfaction to his numerous friends.

To any one who will remit to us for two new subscribers, one year, ($6), or to any old subscriber, remitting also for one new subscriber ($6), we will send post paid a copy of the excellent photograph of Mr. Whittier.

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We have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for The Standard a life-like, beautifully finished, medium-sized photograph of Wendell Phillips, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. Each photograph will have also Mr. Phillips' autograph. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

We will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for The Standard and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), a copy of Anna E. Dickinson's new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "What Answer?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy each of thousands.

We continue to offer to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6); either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters," 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

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We will hereafter send *The Radical* ($4.00 a year) and The Standard, each one year to old, or new subscribers, the two for $5.50;—

The Woman's Advocate ($2.00 a year) and The Standard, the two for $4.00;—

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VOL. XXX. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

AARON M. POWELL, Editor.

The Standard advocates entire freedom and immediate enfranchisement for the colored race, as the demand of justice. Chattelism has been abolished, but equal freedom for the colored race has not yet been secured.

Eminent writers contribute weekly to its columns, and the Editor is permitted to announce

WENDELL PHILLIPS

as a Special Editorial Contributor. Full reports will also be published of the Addresses of Mr. Phillips, revised and corrected by himself.

The Standard, though chiefly devoted to the consideration of the Freedom and well-being of the colored race, will, as hitherto, hospitably entertain the claims of movements of a kindred end and aim, as the Rights of Women, Temperance, Education, etc. It will also present a department of choice Literary Miscellany. It is intended that, without forgetting its main object, The Standard shall be carefully and thoroughly edited in all its other departments, and be welcomed by all classes of readers.

Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, in a letter accompanying a remittance for The Standard, writes as follows:

Wayland, Mass., Feb. 1, 1868.

Aaron M. Powell—*Dear Sir*—Inclosed is $3 00, our yearly subscription for The Standard. Money cannot pay for the privilege of having a paper that speaks the truth boldly, without fear or favor, alike unfettered by sect, and untrammeled by any political party. Such a paper was never more needed than at the present time and I am thankful to see that so many friends rally to its support. Yours, cordially,

L. Maria Child.

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We offer to our friends what we are sure will be esteemed very liberal and welcome compensation for their efforts to add to our subscription list, namely: to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6) we will send either of the following very desirable books:

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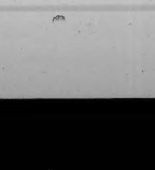

The reputation this excellent medicine enjoys, is derived from its cures, many of which are truly marvellous. Inveterate cases of Scrofulous disease, where the system seemed saturated with corruption, have been purified and cured by it. Scrofulous affections and disorders, which were aggravated by the scrofulous contamination until they were painfully afflicting, have been radically cured in such great numbers in almost every section of the country, that the public scarcely need to be informed of its virtues or uses.

Scrofulous poison is one of the most destructive enemies of our race. Often, this unseen and unfelt tenant of the organism undermines the constitution, and invites the attack of enfeebling or fatal diseases, without exciting a suspicion of its presence. Again, it seems to breed infection throughout the body, and then, on some favorable occasion, rapidly develop into one or other of its hideous forms, either on the surface or among the vitals. In the latter, tubercles may be suddenly deposited in the lungs or heart, or tumors formed in the liver, or it shows its presence by eruptions on the skin, or foul ulcerations on some part of the body. Hence the occasional use of a bottle of this *Sarsaparilla* is advisable, even when no active symptoms of disease appear. Persons afflicted with the following complaints generally find immediate relief, and, at length, cure, by the use of this *SARSAPARILLA: St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head,

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THE PUREST PEARL.

Translated from the German.

BESIDE the church door, aweary and lone,
A blind woman sat on the cold door stone;
The wind was bitter, the snow fell fast,
And a mocking voice in the fitful blast
Seemed ever to echo her moaning cry,
As she begged for alms of the passers-by;
"Have pity on me, have pity, I pray;
My back is bent and my head is grey."

The bells were ringing the hour of prayer,
And many good people were gathered there,
But, covered with furs and mantles warm,
They hurried past through the wintery storm.

Some were hoping their souls to save,
And some were thinking of death and the grave,
And, alas! they had no time to heed
The poor soul asking for charity's meed.
And some were blooming with beauty's grace,
But closely muffled in veils of lace;
They saw not the sorrow, nor heard the moan
Of her who sat on the cold door stone.

At last came one of a noble name,
By the city counted the wealthiest dame,
And the pearls that o'er her neck were strung
She proudly there to the beggar flung.

Then followed a maiden young and fair,
Adorned with clusters of golden hair;
But her dress was thin, and scanty, and worn,
Not even the beggar's seemed more forlorn.
With a tearful look and pitying sigh,
She whispered soft, "No jewels have I,
But I give you my prayers, good friend," said she,
"And surely I know God listens to me."

On her poor weak hand, so shrunken and small,
The blind woman felt a tear-drop fall,
Then kissed it and said to the weeping girl,
"It is you who have given the purest pearl."

THE FASHIONS—THEIR EXTRAVAGANCE AND DEVOTEES.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

I SHOULD have no misgivings concerning the speedy elevation and enlargement of character in women if it were not for their extravagant passion for dress—a passion the gratification of which necessarily absorbs a great portion of their time and attention. The desire to look pretty is natural, and there is nothing blamable in it. The invention of beautiful costume is one of the fine arts, and, like other pleasures of the eye, should receive a due share of cultivation. But beauty is one thing and fashion another. Nine times out of ten there is no beauty in a new fashion, and there is often positive ugliness.

It is laughable to see how thousands of people put themselves to great expense and inconvenience to follow some fashion which originated in the personal defect of some distinguished individual. The dissipation of Henry III. of France brought on diseases by which he lost his hair. He covered his dishonored head with a wig, and the courtiers and fops of Europe soon felt ashamed to be seen with their own natural growth of hair. This hot, unhealthy, and unbecoming appendage to the human head continued in vogue till the French Revolution, when it was swept away with other external signs of aristocracy. But for a long time afterward it was deemed a mark of democratic vulgarity to appear on public occasions without a wig. A Prussian clergyman who attempted to preach with his hair uncovered incurred such serious risks that the Government was obliged to interfere for his protection; and a Spanish judge came very near losing his office by committing the same indiscretion. To this day judges and lawyers in England do not venture to show themselves in court till they have covered their shapely heads with enormous wigs, frightful to look upon. Hence the saying, "He's a big wig," as indicative of rank. When Capt. Basil Hall traveled in this country his British soul was greatly annoyed by prevailing signs of the ascendency of democratic principles; and he was especially aggrieved that our judges committed the great indecorum of presiding in court without wigs. If Henry III. covered his diseased dissipation with a wig, it was incumbent on healthy gentlemen to put themselves to the same inconvenience! Louis XIV., not being so tall as he considered desirable for royal stature, mounted himself on very high-heeled shoes, and ere long all the ladies and gentlemen in Europe deemed it necessary to toddle about in the same style. The Empress Eugenie had her hair rolled over hot irons, and twisted and puffed and frizzled till it grew thin under such manifold manipulations; then she began to supply the deficiency by masses of false hair, and, in consequence thereof, the girls in far-off, sensible New England feel obliged to deform their pretty heads with those ugly excrescences called chignons.

Personal vanity has been universally satirized as peculiarly a female weakness; but I believe there is no other difference between the sexes in this respect than that caused by the customs of society, which compel women to depend upon personal attractions to obtain rank, wealth, luxury, elegance, and all the other agreeable external things which human nature is prone to covet. I think there is sufficient proof that men have by *nature* quite as much vanity as women. Lord Byron for a long time lived upon potatoes and vinegar, for fear his figure would cease to be slender; and no belle was ever more sensitive about a personal defect than he was concerning his lameness. When hair-powder was in fashion gentlemen would sit for hours under the hands of barbers in order to be presentable at parties. The clubs and pig-tails that were worn so long a time required the assistance of a servant. They were not so deforming as chignons, but they were sufficiently ugly, as well as unclean—visibly soiling the collar, and scattering powder over the coat. Did women ever wear bonnets more inconvenient, more exposed to injury, and more difficult to be repaired than the high, stiff, bell-crowned hats which for so many years were considered essential to respectability?

At one time gentlemen took to wearing long-pointed shoes, curved like a horn, and extending half a yard from the foot. They proved so inconvenient, by catching in every thing, that a chain was added to the point to fasten it to the knee. Did fashionable women ever do any thing more ridiculous? Henry II. of France wore a great platform of rich lace under his chin to conceal a scar on his neck; and all the gentlemen in France, and soon after in all Europe, did the same. To this were soon added wide ruffles of lace at the wrist, which were extremely inconvenient while partaking of food. To these were added ample hangings of lace from the knee half way down the leg, and large rosettes of lace upon shoes of blue or crimson velvet. Queen Elizabeth, who had a yellow, scraggy throat, covered it with a high ruff of immense dimensions. It was starched as stiff as paper, and arranged in regular puffs by means of an instrument called a poking stick. Exposure to dampness made it fall on the shoulders in a flabby and forlorn condition. Dandies cautioned people not to approach too near in speaking to them, lest their ruff should be disarranged. But all the gentlemen of England, and of the neighboring nations, submitted to the inconvenience because it was genteel.

In the time of Louis XV. it was the fashion in France to wear small patches of black court-plaster, cut in the shape of stars, crosses, hearts, etc., on the forehead and cheeks, and at the corners of the eyes and mouth. They were called *les mouches*, because they gave the face the appearance of being covered with flies. The Duke Gesvres, Governor of Paris, and commander-in-chief of His Majesty's armies, covered his face with these patches, rouged his cheeks, stained his eyebrows, painted blue veins on his forehead, and filled the air with perfumes as he walked. When the daughter of Henry III. of England was married a thousand knights attended, dressed in richly-embroidered silk; and the next day they appeared in new silk garments equally splendid and costly. Sir John Arundel is said to have had fifty-two complete suits of cloth of gold. When Queen Elizabeth made her famous visit to Kenilworth Castle her attendants seemed like a mass of flaunting ribbons, waving feathers, and glittering jewels. The Earl of Leicester, who rode at her right hand, looked like a golden statue set with precious gems. After the royal party had entered the castle, the Earl made his appearance in white velvet, slashed in various places to show the lining of silver cloth. His stockings were of white silk, and his shoes of white velvet. His close-fitting jerkin of white velvet was thickly embroidered with silver and pearls. He wore a variety of jeweled orders, and over the whole was thrown an ample cloak of white satin, with a deep border of gold embroidered.

I might fill several columns with descriptions of the splendid, costly costumes worn by men. I have not introduced the subject for the purpose of retorting upon men the charge of personal vanity—the few facts I have stated tend to prove that there is about as much human nature in men as in women; but I have brought them forward merely to derive encouragement from the fact that a striking change has taken place in the costume of men. There has been an increasing tendency to simple colors and convenient forms, until at the present time their dress is universally unostentatious and useful. This is doubtless owing to nearer and nearer approaches to equality among mankind. Privileged classes, who live on the toil of others, are disappearing. The complicated toggery worn by the old nobility would be too inconvenient for merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, and others who have work to do in the world. Men now pride themselves upon spending their wealth on colleges, railroads, steamers, and other public improvements, rather than upon personal decorations. Finery is considered decidedly unmanly.

And, as women become invested with larger responsibilities, and became conscious of living for more extensive usefulness, will they not shake off the tyranny of fashion, and learn to combine gracefulness with simplicity and convenience in their costume? I believe so; for there is the same human nature in men and women, and similiar influences will produce similar results in both.—*Independent.*

IN THE SHADOW.

BY EMILY L. WHITING.

"In the shadow our work is done,
And in the shadow our crowns are won."

WAIT calmly in the shadows,
Trusting all thy cares to Him
Who watcheth o'er His children
From dawn to twilight dim,
For in these deepening shadows
Thy truest work is done;
Amid dim doubts and longings
The brightest crowns are won.

Strive faithfully 'mid shadows,
Tho' the prize for which you long
May soon be grasped by other hands,
In Life's swift rushing throng.
All honor be to those who strive,
And meet well-earned success;
Yet saddest failures merit oft
An honor scarcely less.

Work earnestly 'mid sorrow,
In hours of doubt and pain,
Far down the misty future
The sunshine gleams again.
With the dim shadows round us,
Life's path is often dreary:
Yet there is One who giveth rest,
And comfort for the weary.

Endure, for time is fleeting,
And the seed must be sown to-day,
Though you may not reap the harvest,
For which ye wait and pray—
Still work 'mid doubt and sorrow,
And when thy toil is done,
Ye shall see how, in darkest moments,
The angel crown was won.

—*Western Home.*

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

EXPERIENCES OF POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

DR. BELLOWS contributes to *Appleton's Journal* a paper entitled "Sittings with Powers, the Sculptor." In the course of a conversation Mr. Powers relates the following spiritualistic experiences:

"These spiritualistic phenomena have always interested me, although I have never been in the least carried away by them. I recollect we had many 'seances' at my house and others when Home was here. I certainly saw, under circumstances where fraud or collusion, or prearrangement of machinery was impossible, in my own house and among friends incapable of lending themselves to imposture, many very curious things. That hand floating in the air, of which all the world has heard, I have seen. There was nothing but moonlight in the room, it is true, and there is every presumption against such phenomena under such circumstances. But what you see, you see, and must believe, however difficult to account for it. I recollect that Mr. Home sat at my right hand, and beside him there were six others round one half of a circular table, the empty half toward the window and the moonlight.

"All our fourteen hands were on the table, when a hand, delicate and shadowy, yet defined, appeared, dancing slowly just the other side of the table, and gradually creeping up higher, until, above what would have been the elbow, it terminated in a mist. This hand slowly came nearer to Mrs. ——, at the right side of the table, and seemed to pat her face. 'Could it take a fan?' cried her husband. Three raps responded 'Yes,' and the lady put a fan near it, which it seemed trying to take. 'Give it the handle,' said the husband. The wife obeyed, and it commenced slowly fanning her with much grace. 'Could it fan the rest of the company?' some one exclaimed, when three raps signified assent, and the hand, passing round, fanned each of the company and then slowly was lost to view.

"I felt, on another occasion, a little hand—it was pronounced that of a lost child—patting my cheek and arm. I took hold of it. It was warm, and evidently a child's hand. I did not loosen my hold, but it seemed to melt out of my clutch. Many other similar experiences I have had. It is interesting to know that the effect is not to create supernatural terrors and morbid feelings. My children who knew all about it, and were present, never showed any signs of trepidation, such as ghost stories excite in sensitive and young brains.

"I have always thought that there was something yet inexplicable about the nervous organization which might eventually show us to be living much nearer to spiritual forms than most believe, and that a not impossible opening of our inner senses might even here enable us to perceive these forms. When we see a man in his flesh and blood we see his outward robes. If his nervous system alone were delicately separated out from his body it would have the precise form of his body, for the nerves fill not only each tissue of the body, but extend even to the enamel of the teeth and the fibres of the hair. There is no part of the human frame that is not full of these invisible ramifications. Show us a man's nervous system, and, filmy as it might be in parts, his form would be perfectly retained, even to his eyes. Now this is one great step towards his spiritual body. A little further refinement might bring us to what is beneath the nervous system, the spiritual body, and it might still have the precise form of the man. I believe it possible for this body to appear, and, under certain states, to be seen. I do not often mention a waking vision I enjoyed more than twenty years ago, but I will tell it to you. It happened five and twenty years ago.

"I had retired at the usual hour, and as I blew out the candle and got into bed, I looked upon our infant child, sleeping calmly on the other side of its mother, who also was sound asleep. As I lay broad awake, thinking on many things, I became suddenly conscious of a strong light in the room, and thought I must have forgotten to blow out the candle. I looked at the stand, but the candle was out. Still the light increased, and I began to fear something was on fire in the room, and I looked over towards my wife's side to see if it were so. There was no sign of fire, but as I cast my eye upward, and as it were to the back of the bed, I saw a green hillside, on which two bright figures, a young man and a young woman, their arms across each other's shoulders, were standing and looking down, with countenances full of love and grace, upon our sleeping infant.

"A glorious brightness seemed to clothe them and to shine upon the room. Thinking it possible that I was dreaming, and merely fancying myself awake (for the vision vanished in about the time I have been telling you the story and left me wondering) I felt my pulse to see if I had any fever. My pulse was as calm as a clock. I never was broader awake in my life, and I said to myself, "Thank God, what I have been longing for years to enjoy has at length been granted me, a direct look into the spiritual world!" I was so moved by the reflections excited by this experience, that I could not restrain myself from awaking my wife and telling her what had happened. She instantly folded her child to her bosom, weeping, and said "And is our darling, then, so soon to be taken from us?" I pacified her by telling her that there was no evil omen in the vision I had seen; that the countenances of the heavenly visitants expressed only peace and joy, and that there was nothing to dread of harm to our child. And so we found it. I have longed much since to have any similar experience, but I never had it.

"Mr. Powers being asked whether he really believed in the pretensions of modern spiritualists, said: 'I am not a believer in the revelations of spirits, as made known through mediums or otherwise, for most corrupt and unworthy communications are often made; and, with many mediums there is a great deal of trickery, while there are some so-called mediums who are nothing else than charlatans. Bnt I do believe in the fact of spiritual manifestations, animal magnetism, and the moving of solid bodies, by means as yet unexplained by purely scientific men. I believe we are now at the threshold of a new era of discoveries, very unlike the past."

AFRAID OF LIGHTNING.—Washington Irving and Lewis Gaylord Clark, while walking near Sleepy Hollow, were overtaken by a storm. There was great thundering and lightning, and Mr. Irving took refuge under a tree, asking his companion:

"Why don't you come in here and be as comfortably housed as I am?"

"I darn't do it, my dear sir," replied Mr. Clark. "I am afraid of lightning. My father was once nearly killed by it while standing under a tree in a thunder-storm, and he always enjoined it upon his twin boys never to do the like."

"Oh," said Mr. Irving, "That alters the case. *If lightning runs in your family*, I commend your caution."

IN the good time coming, when women have all their rights, announcements like the following will be frequent: "Died, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, Mr. John Smith, husband of Hon. Jane Smith, at her residence, in Meriden, this morning, at six o'clock. Mr. Smith was a meek and quiet husband, beloved for the graces of a cultivated and trained nature. He excelled in the domestic virtues; as cook he was surpassed by few; as nurse he was equaled by none."

UNDER THE LEAVES.

OFT have I walked these woodland paths
In sadness, not foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The flowers of spring were growing.

To-day the winds have swept away
These wrecks of autumn's splendor;
And here the fair arbutus flowers
Are springing fresh and tender.

O perfect flowers with lips of bloom!
Surpassing in their beauty
The pearly tint of ocean shells,
To teach me faith and duty.

Walk life's dark way, ye seem to say,
In hope and faith, foreknowing
That when man sees but withered leaves,
God sees the fair flowers growing.

HOW PEOPLE TAKE COLD.

NOT by tumbling into the river and dragging home wet as a drowned rat; not by being pitched into the mud, or spilled out in the snow in sleighing time; not by walking for hours, over shoe-top in mud; not by soaking in the rain, without an umbrella; not by scrubbing the floor until the unnameable sticks to you like a wet rag; not by hoeing potatoes until you are in a lather of sweat; these are not the things which give people colds; and yet they are all the time telling us how they "caught their death-cold by exposure."

The time for taking cold is after your exercise; the place is in your own house, or office, or counting-house. It is not the act of exercise which gives the cold, but it is the getting cool too quick after exercising. For example, you walk very fast to get to the railroad station, or to the ferry, or to catch an omnibus, or to make time for an appointment; your mind being ahead of you, the body makes an extra effort to keep up with it, and when you get to the desired spot, you raise your hat and find yourself in a perspiration; you take a seat, and, feeling quite comfortable as to temperature, you begin to talk with a friend, or if a New Yorker, to read a newspaper, and before you are aware of it, you experience a sensation of chilliness, and the thing is done; you look around to see where the cold comes from and find an open window near you, or a door, or that you have taken a seat at the forward part of the car, and it moving against the wind, a strong draft is made through the crevices.

After any kind of exercise, do not stand a moment at a street-corner, for anybody or anything; nor at an open door or window. When you have been exercising in any way whatever, winter or summer, go home at once, or to some sheltered place; and, however warm the room may seem to be, do not at once pull off your hat and cloak, but wait awhile—some five minutes or more, and lay aside one at a time; thus acting, a cold is impossible. Notice a moment: When you return from a brisk walk and enter a warm room, raise your hat and your forehead will be moist; let the hat remain a few moments and feel the forehead again, and it will be dry, showing that the room is actually cooler than your body, and that, with your out-door clothing on, you have really cooled off full soon enough. Many of the severest colds I have ever known men to take, were the result of sitting down to a warm meal in a cool room after a long walk; or being engaged in writing, have let the fire go out, and their first admonition of it was that creeping chilliness, which is the ordinary forerunner of a severe cold. Persons have often lost their lives by writing or reading in a room where there was no fire, although the weather outside was rather comfortable. Sleeping in rooms long unused, has destroyed the life of many a visitor and friend. Our splendid parlors and our nice "spare room" help to enrich many a doctor.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

THEY do but grope in learning's pedant round,
Who on the fantasies of sense bestow
An idol substance, bidding us bow low
Before those shades of being which are found,
Stirring or still, on man's brief trial-ground:
As if such shapes and moods, which come and go,
Had aught of Truth or Life in their poor show,
To sway or judge, and skill to stain or wound.

DRAMATIC.

IN *The Galaxy* Mr. Richard Grant White writes recollections of two actresses:

Among the half-dozen actreses whom I have known, two, who are no longer living—Sontag and Rachel—left impressions upon me, as women, that I am sure will never be obscured by time's attrition. Both were of humble birth, and both were remarkable for the distinguished elegance of their manners; but with this difference: that Sontag, charming and elegant on the stage, was more charming and more elegant in private: while Rachel, who, behind the footlights, was the ideal of a queen or a great lady of the old school, in private, although courteous and well mannered, showed the stamp of her origin and her profession—how, I cannot tell, but there it was, unmistakably. Sontag, if she had been born Countess de Rossi, or, for that matter, de Montmorenci, could not have shown in her personal bearing nobility of a higher, simpler type; but on the stage she was surpassed in this respect by the Jewess, who, as unable in private to conceal her breeding as her race, showed yet upon the stage the command and the graciousness of those who are born in the purple. Saying this, one day, to the late eccentric Count Gurowski, I was pleased and not surprised to have the curt reply, "Ouf! Rachel is the one-ly *grande dame* on dthe tayahtre." Sontag, when I knew her, was a mature woman and my senior by many years; and yet, notwithstanding this, and a knowledge of the world beside, that showed itself in all she did and said, and which rivaled that of her gambling husband, she seemed to me to diffuse around her all the influences of youth. A freshness as delicate as the first perfumes of early Spring was hers, an unaffected softness of manner, that had the gratefulness of balm, and its virtue. She had the tenderness and crispness of youth, without its greenness. I have rarely met a girl of seventeen so young as Sontag was at forty-five. I have said nothing of her beauty; for that was well known to all men. And when I saw it still preserved, I then first recollected that I had heard of it before I was old enough to know what woman's beauty was; but I had not heard of her hand, which was beautiful enough to worship, as we may worship all perfection. And this woman, so beautiful, so winning in her ways, so charming as a singer and an actress, was also clever in the most attractive form of female cleverness. She talked well, without sententiousness and without learning; and she had humor, as much as becomes a truly feminine woman. I shall never forget her description of the pompous dullness of the dinners and the evenings at the country-houses of English noblemen and gentlemen to which she was invited, after her marriage with Count Rossi and her retirement from the stage. The essays in gallantry of men who had been fox-hunting or shooting all day, and who came home tired and hungry to get themselves up in festive apparel, and to eat a heavy dinner and drink heavy wine, were not much to her taste; although, if she were half as lively under their infliction as she was in describing it, she must have been a priceless creature amid all that dullness. Only one indication of her humble origin and of self-consciousness escaped her. I happened to mention that I had followed a procession, in a large city, for the purpose of observing the people called out by its passage, and that I had found the prettiest women among those in the lower conditions of life: "Ah!" she said, slightly dropping her eyelids, "it is always so." Her sudden death in Mexico was generally attributed to poison, her husband, it is said, having thus avenged himself of her love for a tenor singer who was in their company. I have never believed this story. Count Rossi may not have been too good a man thus to relieve himself of a woman who, by her own exertions, had restored him, in a great measure at least, the fortune he had wasted; but she loved the unworthy husband for whom she labored.

Rachel talked more of the stage and of literature than Sontag did. She made an admission to me one evening, that was surprising. She had been playing Phædre with grandeur and great power over the emotions of her audience; but she spoke to me with a naturalness that she never surpassed on the stage, of her weariness of French tragedy, of its sentimentality, its prosiness, and its stilted verse. "Oh, that I had learned English, that I might play Shakespeare! but now it is too late." "What, are you not satisfied with Racine, or even with Corneille?" "No; Corneille has moments, and one can make something out of Racine by much study of the best parts." I complimented her upon Phædre, which, although an unpleasant character, seemed to me one that gave scope for fine acting. "Yes, I have an opportunity of doing something; but that boy," waving her hand, as if Hippolytus were present, "what does he do but spout nonsense! And that old man with his monster (referring to Theramene's description of the death of Hippolyte), and all the rest—how stupid (*bête*) it is! Give me Shakespeare."

THE PERIOD IN WHICH COAL WAS FORMED.—Of the lapse of time in the formation of our coal-fields we cannot have the faintest conception; it is only measured by Him with whom a thousand years are as one day. But the magnitude of the time is not surpassed by the boundlessness of the providential care which laid up these terrestrial treasures in store for his children, whom He was afterwards to call into being. Let me therefore dismiss this profitless subject with one illustration. Mr. Maclaren, by a happy train of reasoning, for which I refer the reader to his "Geology of Fife," arrives at the conclusion that it would require a thousand years to form a bed of coal one yard thick. Now, in the South Wales coal-field there is a thickness of coal of more than thirty yards, which would have required a period of 30,000 years for its formation. If we, now, assume that the 15,000 feet of sedimentary materials was deposited at the average rate of two feet in a century, corresponding to the rate of subsidence, it would have required 3,807,000 years to produce this coal-field.—*Hull's Coal-Fields of Great Britain.*

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For **Dyspepsia** or **Indigestion, Listlessness, Languor** and **Loss of Appetite**, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach and restore its healthy tone and action.

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For **Dysentery** or **Diarrhœa**, but one mild dose is generally required.

For **Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back** and **Loins**, they should be continuously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

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As a *Dinner Pill*, take one or two *Pills* to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

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TESTIMONIAL OF THE

CONFERENCE

OF THE

INTERNATIONAL SANITARY COMMISSION,

AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1867.

IN THE NAME OF THE CONFERENCE OF ASSOCIATIONS FOR THE RELIEF OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS,

"I have the honor to inform you that a MEDAL has been awarded to you, by the Assembly of Delegates at the Distinguished Seance of the 31st of August, 1867—for the services which you have rendered to the cause of Universal Humanity.

PARIS, September 8th, 1868.

COUNT SERRUIER, Commissioner General of the International Exposition, President of the Conference.

COUNT G. de CHABOLY, T. GAUVIY, } General Secretaries.

To Monsieur Hudson."

E. D. HUDSON, M. D., 696 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Specialty of Mechanical Surgery, and Artificial Legs and Arms.

21—tf

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THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig.)
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Radical.)
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free-Church.)
AND
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory.)

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